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PDC

MARCH 31, 1972

BUCKLEY
N GOLDWATER
—see page 365

NATIONAL REVIEW

AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT: THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ATTICA RIOT

by an Inmate

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

James Burnham on What Will Happen to Taiwan?

ROY E SMITH
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THE IMPUDENT SNOBS
Agnew vs. the Intellectual Establishment

by John R. Coyne, Jr. • 524 pages
24 photographs • index
A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

"The best TV show of 1969," says John Coyne, "didn't win an Emmy. It originated in Des Moines, Iowa, on November 13. The subject: the Liberal bias of the national media. The star: Vice President Spiro T. Agnew. And the country has never been the same since."

Nor has Vice President Agnew. He emerged as the spokesman for those who challenge America's intellectual establishment, especially the segment that dominates the media. He has become the tribune of Middle America.

John Coyne analyzes the role intellectuals (and those who think of themselves as intellectuals) play in America today, especially in the media and the academy. This naturally leads him into the media attack on Agnew: their amazing distortion of Agnew's words and deeds, their one-sided view of the Pentagon, the South — the whole Liberal demonology. Coyne's analyses of *The Selling of the Pentagon*, the "Fat Jap" incident and the "copulating rhinos" episode are rich in new material.

John Coyne tells us what it is like to work on the Vice President's own staff . . . because Mr. Coyne did just that, over the summer of 1971. He shows us the real Agnew . . . the influences that shaped the man . . . the values that inform his life. Included is a fascinating discussion of Mr. Agnew's confrontation with a group of black leaders after the 1968 Baltimore riots . . . the real story of the "tongue-lashing" he gave them.

John Coyne introduces us to the Veep's staff: the conservatives you'd expect to find, and one Liberal. Coyne shows why the staff is probably the most loyal in Washington, why there's virtually no backbiting among its members.

Writes John Coyne: "[Spiro Agnew has become] one of the most important articulators of the conservative ideal of our century, and one of the very few political spokesmen of our age to touch the emotions of the common man.

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> "Coyne is nothing if not an articulate conservative spokesman. Here . . . he offers spirited support for Agnew's assault on the news media which, in Coyne's view, 'function as the propaganda arm of the American intellectual establishment' . . . Granted his premises, Coyne's polemic is cogently argued." — ***Publishers' Weekly***

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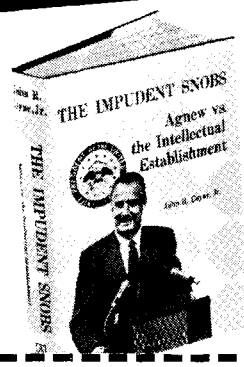
- A fatherly LBJ warns Agnew against attacking the media
- The "Camelot-Restoration political-media coalition"
- Newsmen who glory in their hatred for Middle America
- "Hunger in America" opens with an outright lie, goes downhill from there
- Top Boston editor openly endorses slanted coverage
- Have newsmen encouraged mutiny among our Vietnam troops?
- Walter Cronkite and his "grand conspiracy"
- How the modern media might have reported on Washington crossing the Delaware
- The truth-twisting in "The Selling of the Pentagon"
- How a reporter from an English leftwing newspaper reacts to U.S. television bias
- Does the "responsible" Right try to keep pro-Agnew sentiment under wraps?

- Press exploits off-the-record quips by conservatives, is careful to suppress similar cracks by Jack and Bobby Kennedy
- Marvin Kalb and the CBS State Department
- The two Liberal publications named by the Veep as fit only for the bottom of a birdcage
- The TV camera crews who service leftist vandals and subversives



IMPORTANT

*This is the **only** definitive edition of the speeches of Spiro T. Agnew ever to appear in print. All previous printings have come from the official press handouts, and many of the Vice President's most trenchant remarks have been extemporaneous. This is the only edition to transcribe the important speeches directly from tape.*

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 12 MARCH 31, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

The editors have sent complimentary copies of this issue of *NR* to Sen. Edmund Muskie and to the well-known imaginative writer Tom Wicker, both of whom, instantly, drew gloomy conclusions about American society from the uprising at Attica. Some readers will be shocked—but all will be informed—by the account of Attica reality given by **Frederick Wiggins** (a pseudonym for sufficiently obvious reasons), who knows whereof he speaks: Wiggins, our favorite embezzler, and also a gifted writer, is now at Attica serving his third term. What caused the rebellion? Not American depravity, not prison conditions, not Commissioner Oswald, not Nelson Rockefeller. . . . **C. H. Simonds** is at his wittiest this week, and deserves to be anthologized. . . . **Max Geltman** has visited Israel and lets us know how the world looks from Tel Aviv. . . . **Bill Buckley**, also a recent visitor, focuses on Israel's moods and complexities. . . . **Brad Evans** attended Mass, courtesy of Leonard Bernstein. "I think," he observes, "that it is probably a fair reflection of Kennedy Catholicism, an adequate representation of mainline enthusiasms in American Catholicism, and the best damned advertisement for becoming a Zen Buddhist I've seen since I lost sight of my navel." . . . **Peter Witonski** a) writes for *NR*, b) teaches history at Harvard, and c) will soon offer instruction in the art of Academic Survival for the benefit of Walt Rostow and Dean Rusk. —J.H.

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Contributors

Aram Bakshian Jr. ☐ C. D. Batchelor ☐ Ruth Berenson ☐ Ronald Berman ☐ Colm Brogan David Brudnoy ☐ John R. Coyne Jr. ☐ John Chamberlain ☐ Richmond Crinkley Anthony R. Dolan ☐ Charles Foley ☐ Neal Freeman ☐ Max Geltman ☐ Henry Hazlitt John Kiley ☐ Suzanne La Follette ☐ Sir Arnold Lunn ☐ Vincent Miller ☐ Gerhart Niemeyer Daniel Oliver ☐ Stefan T. Possony ☐ William F. Rickenbacker ☐ Morrie Ryskind William S. Schlamm ☐ Tibor Szamuely ☐ Alec Waugh ☐ Auberon Waugh ☐ Peter P. Witonski Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

Foreign Contributors

Anthony Lejeune *London* ☐ E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich* ☐ Elspeth Huxley *African Affairs* Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens* ☐ Donald Coxe *Guelph, Ontario*

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For stirring up the barbarians we stress *reactionary* standards like literacy, intelligence and humor — and one other thing, we savor what is American. The Great Republic so abounds with ghastliness and grandeur that our appetite for it never slackens.

Let the yahoos yodel about the glorious ruins of Europe, the rationality of Scandanavia, the exhilarating ambiance of the enlightened People's Republics. We smack our lips for what is American.

Consider a few of THE ALTERNATIVE's monthly features:

- **The Continuing Crisis** is an offbeat and humorous review of the past month's momentous events.
- **The Nation's Pulse** and **Letter from a Whig** by THE ALTERNATIVE's two Washington correspondents give timely and incisive reviews of what the frauds are up to on the banks of the Potomac.
- **The Bootblack Stand** — THE ALTERNATIVE's equivalent to Ann Landers (Dr. George Washington Plunkitt) aids our nation's leaders in their personal, political and psychological problems.
- **Brayings from the Barnyard** — a collection of the latest idiotic statements of Ritualistic Liberals, prefaced by suitable exegeses.

Here is a sample of some of the recent articles published in THE ALTERNATIVE:

"The Mechanical Genius of Mayor Daley" by Frank W. Blatchford III

"Student Unrest. . .The Search for Values" by Allen C. Brownfeld

"Daniel Ellsberg: The Public Penitent" by John R. Coyne, Jr. (quoted in *The Saturday Review* as the work of "snotty persons")

"America's Promise as a World Power" a symposium on defense by Senator James Buckley, Senator Henry M. Jackson, George F. Will, William Schneider, and others

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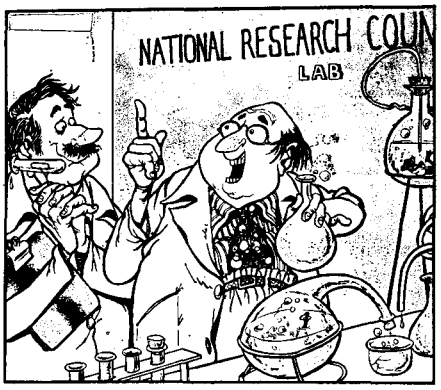
FOR THE RECORD

■ In the aftermath of Florida. Sen. **Vance Hartke** was making get-out noises after New Hampshire; Florida is expected to knock him out of race entirely. . . . But suggesting he may get in, former Gov. **Terry Sanford** of North Carolina, an early-Sixties liberal Southern pinup boy. Says Sanford: I can offer the voters a "fresh face" if the front-runners falter in Florida (which they did). . . . Sen. **David Gambrell** (Richard Russell's replacement) thinks the whole field is wrong: "We're trying to play the big games of this season with the heroes of the early Sixties, who lost the Super Bowl in 1968." . . . Must be kicking himself: Gov. **Richard Hughes** who announced he'd head the Muskie delegation in New Jersey—the day before Florida. . . . Funny spot: Gov. **Reubin Askew** of Florida, mentioned repeatedly as possible Democratic keynoter in Miami, may not even get a delegate seat, given the Wallace sweep. . . . Early breakdown shows **Hubert Humphrey** got three times as many black votes in Florida as **Shirley Chisholm**. . . . **Evans & Novak**'s doubts that **Edmund Muskie** has the stamina to "go the course" increased by Muskie performance after stunning Florida defeat, such as this statement: "The returns reveal to a greater extent than I had imagined some of the worst instincts of which human beings are capable." . . . Last-minute car bumpers spotted in Florida carried message "Vote for Muskie or He'll Cry." Muskie suspects **McGovern** supporters of this one. (But who's crying now?)

■ Poll of **American Conservative Union** members, taken before New Hampshire, shows 67 per cent believe **John Ashbrook** should continue his primary campaign against **Richard Nixon**, 27 per cent are opposed, 6 per cent undecided. . . . One side-gain from the Ashbrook candidacy, publicity given his demand, backed by law suit in federal court, that the Pentagon declassify the **Penkovskiy** Papers (Col. Penkovskiy was the Soviet intelligence officer who worked for the British, was caught and executed, but only after getting out important information on Soviet missile programs) on grounds that that information is necessary for



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Ben Roth

"Eureka! We've discovered a way of getting blood out of a turnip! Quick—notify the tax department!"

the debates on a SALT agreement that could follow Mr. Nixon's Moscow trip. . . . When **Spiro Agnew** was asked the other day what would be *his* dream Democratic team this year, he replied: "Humphrey-Muskie—why break up a losing combination?"

■ Presidential candidate **Benjamin Spock** of People's Party told Manhattan gathering last week that there will be no end to "racism, sexism, war, pollution or any of the problems that plague American political, social and economic life" until the people control the means of production and the institutions that govern their lives, including political parties. Spock says he was a New Deal Democrat until a few years ago and started his leftward move after joining the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. . . . Big fund appeal letter out signed by **Richard Falk, George Wald, Noam Chomsky** to, as the letter says, help them turn Harrisburg case into a propaganda trial of the U.S. Government along the Nuremberg lines. (Wald recently returned from Hanoi and announced that "North Vietnam is way ahead of the Geneva Convention in its treatment of [U.S. war] prisoners." Had he visited the camps? No, but he had talked to two of the prisoners who were brought to Hanoi to see him.) . . . At the Harrisburg trial last week, Mr. and Mrs. **Daniel Ellsberg**. Ellsberg, incidentally, was recently called "an authentic American hero" by **Frank Mankiewicz**, George McGovern's chief political adviser.

■ **Catholic Church** (and lots of other Americans) up in arms over new U.S. postage stamp showing Mom, Dad and two children under the banner "Family Planning." Says Msgr. **James McHugh** of the Family Life Division of the U.S. Catholic Conference: "Family planning is a personal matter for couples to determine without government interference or persuasion." . . . In Florida, **John Lindsay** urged a federal law on abortion, pointing to the success of the N.Y. State program. . . . New **United Nations** report on abortion worldwide says it has become the most effective method of population control now in use. . . . Recent **District of Columbia** report says if the present rate holds, there will be more illegitimate than legitimate births in the District in 1973. The figure in 1960 was 19.8 per cent illegitimate.

■ Brought the house down, **John Mitchell** at sell-out Waldorf-Astoria luncheon of Women's National Republican Club in reference to ITT hassle. "Who ever would have thought that I'd have trouble with the telephone company when you think of how much business Martha has thrown them."

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LETTERS

Correction

First of all I want to congratulate Peter Witonski on his admirable piece on the conservative economists [Feb. 4]. He organized what must have been a very awkward amount of scattered material into a smooth, scrupulously fair and beautifully balanced article.

He has been so generous in his comments about myself that I hate to object to anything. But I find he has attributed two of my answers to Milton Friedman. Both of these appear on page 114. The first is: ". . . [except for a country] with which we are at war, or whose openly declared policy is to bury us." The second is in the very last paragraph, where my own original statement was: "Freedom is not only an end in itself, but the indispensable means for attaining all our other ends."

Unless Milton also wrote, by an amazing coincidence, precisely both of these things, I think that in fairness to Milton as well as myself the record ought to be corrected.

Let me repeat, though, that I found the article in general quite wonderful.

Wilton, Conn. HENRY HAZLITT

HRH: A Query

Concerning your article entitled "The Truth about Howard Hughes" [Feb. 18], we think our intelligence has been insulted. We have analyzed your article and we are very skeptical about the information you have presented. The following is a point-by-point examination of the details of the article.

1) We would like to know who the doctors were who told Hughes he had bone cancer, their reputations and where they practice.

2) What is the evidence that Hughes has the highest IQ ever recorded? Did he take a test? If so, who gave it to him, and what was his score?

3) We would like to know the names of the scientists who speculated that Hughes was a mutation, their professional reputations and with what universities they are connected.

4) How is it known that his wealth was more than $2 billion if he was secretive about his financial affairs?

5) If Hughes used as a cover for Barnard a fellowship at a university medical school, how did your anonymous author find out about it?

6) The only possible way we know to record the knowledge from the brain is by recording the waves on a chart, but even then you cannot get the actual thought. If the brain's knowledge was programed into the computer, which we very much doubt, we cannot conceive of any process by which this could be done.

7) If there are key satellites controlled by HRH then how is it that the FCC and similar agencies allow this situation to continue?

8) Your story about the astronomer who set up the telescope so that it pointed toward the earth and not the heavens is far-fetched. Any astronomer who is respected enough to work with the telescope on Kitt Peak would not be dumb enough to point it backward.

9) It is very coincidental that the astronomer just happened to be given something that made him talk, and that it just happened to be at the home of the brother of an *NR* staff member, and a scientist just happened to be there and he just happened to point his laser at HRH.

10) Even if HRH could sense the laser beam, we understand that it is not possible for a computer to devise a scheme of its own to counteract such action.

The above are only some of the questions we would like answers to if we are to believe this fantastic story of yours.

SUE ELLEN BEARDSLEY, PAM COOLEY, TRICIA EVERETT, WENDY MCKINLEY, ROSSANA SOLLITTO, BILL BOGLE, DAVID WINSHIP, NANCY RIEGE, SPENCER HORN, CAROL YEOMANS, TONI DAVIS

West Hartford, Conn. Renbrook School

You almost convince us there may have been something phoney about that article. —ED.

Addendum

I was disappointed to see that Frederic Sanborn's *Design for War*, a most important contribution, was missing from your otherwise excellent list of authentic histories of the origins of America's involvement in World War II ["The Week," Jan. 21].

Almost of equal importance (and also absent from your list) is Beard's *American Foreign Policy in the Making: 1932-1940* (the first volume in the two-volume series of which you list the second). In this volume, Beard relates how FDR, campaigning as an "isolationist" in 1932, told a Georgia audience that America's record was not that of a peaceloving nation; and also how he assured William Randolph Hearst that, far from favoring U.S. entry into the League of Nations, he had concluded that that organization had shown its inadequacy as an instrument designed to maintain world peace.

New York, N.Y. ABRAHAM GLICKSMAN

On Priorities

In reference to Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s comments on the general amnesty bills for deserters and draft-dodgers ["On the Right," Feb. 4], I believe some of our representatives' priorities are not in the proper order. The first consideration should be for the returning veterans, who are having so much difficulty finding employment as civilians. These are the loyal men who have abided by the laws regarding military obligations laid down in our Constitution.

Steps should be taken to improve placement of veterans into civilian occupations, especially those men who are not inclined toward a college education. The "men" in Canada and Sweden can wait; there are men here who are more worthy of the assistance of the United States Government.

Let us be grateful to those who have been loyal before we grant amnesty to those who have not.

Cincinnati, Ohio HARRY L. BUCKLEY

1984 à la Burnham

James Burnham made some interesting comments on the right of the press to report private conversations etc. ["Open House," Feb. 4]. However, he failed to follow them through to their logical conclusion.

Imagine a 1984-type world run by the press. It starts something like this. The *New York Times* does some digging and snooping, and gets certain information about the President. Instead of publishing it, the paper blackmails him into following the paper's editorial policy. (Guess what *that* is.) It silences the opposition by blackmail, printing lies or denial of a communications medium. (By this time the networks have joined the conspiracy.) The *Times*, the *Washington Post* and the other liberal newspapers build their own teams of special "investigators" to collect all information that could be useful in silencing or discrediting the opposition.

Rival newspapers, radio stations and television stations would be denied access to the wire services; the latter would have their broadcast licenses removed by the secretly homosexual commissioner of the FCC, who has been discovered by the "investigator."

With a situation similar to present-day Russia, the media can control public opinion, or keep it from ever being formed. Throughout the campaign to control the country, a liberal Supreme Court affirms the freedom of the press. The newspapers now can run a positive saint for Congress in each district around the country, and the media as a whole can put up their candidate for Editor of the United States, and his Vice Publisher . . .

Want to try a novel, Mr. Burnham?

Shorewood, Wisc. MICHAEL STEIN

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Silent Films

If NATIONAL REVIEW must run a piece on educational TV ["NET/PBS at Random," March 3], it should at least be as accurate in details as it is in conclusions.

Martin Williams, like about everyone else, makes the mistake of saying that silent films are shown on TV at 24 frames a second.

Actually, because of the peculiarities of the cathode ray tube, silent flicks are shown at an even more sacrilegious *25* frames a second.

Silent films are commonly thought to have been shot at sixteen frames a second, but they were actually shot at various speeds on purpose. Cue sheets for projectionists were sent out with release prints, and the films were projected at various speeds. A recent survey of several thousand cue sheets showed that not one film was supposed to be projected throughout at sixteen frames per second.

Undoubtedly, there were films designed to be projected at sixteen frames per second throughout, but they were probably Bs that could not afford the luxury of cue sheets. The great classics shown on the series in question were undoubtedly released with cue sheets.

Hickory, N.C. NORMAN STEWART

Rickenbacker and Kirk

Re William F. Rickenbacker's "Land of the Free" in the January 21 issue of *NR* ["The Law Forbidding Sin"], a hearty "Right on!"

My concurrence with Russell Kirk's column in the same issue ["How May the Independent College Survive?"] evokes similar response, though in such a case a more appropriate wording might be: "Unquestionably apropos commentary."

Laramie, Wyo. JACK MURPHY

William F. Rickenbacker's "The Law Forbidding Sin" [Jan. 21] is flawless in its conclusions (if not its argument). His money-saving conclusions would go much further toward solving New York's ills than did, does or will a doubled city budget. However, the law the continued maintenance of which is most costly (basically the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1913) was *not* instituted "when there was no problem to speak of." The rate of addiction (heroin and morphine generally) in 1913 is estimated at four to six times the present rate (at least one in a hundred *versus* one in four hundred) by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, physicians involved in the passage of the Harrison law (intended to regulate rather than prohibit sale of narcotics, it was reinterpreted into its present form in the early 1920s by an earlier activist Supreme Court), and contemporary students of the problem. Of course the damage due to addiction, both to the addict and to society, was infinitely less in 1913 than 1972 (no habit-supporting crime, overdoses, police and court

(Continues on page 361)

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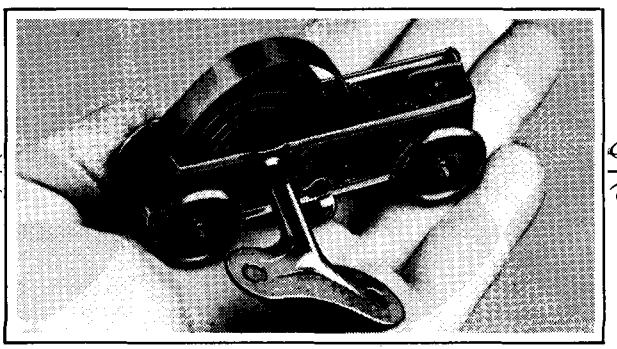

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THE WEEK

■ Write-in votes are tallied last of all and they usually aren't very interesting. Well, in the New Hampshire primary the first part is true but definitely not the second. Spiro Agnew got more write-in votes than anybody in New Hampshire history—45,000. He got more votes than Muskie, more votes than McGovern, many more votes than McCloskey and many more votes than Ashbrook. Nixon, of all the candidates whose names were printed on the ballot, was the only one who beat Agnew.

■ It now appears that Clifford Irving will get off with some kind of token punishment—perhaps five years, in which case he could be out in less than three; perhaps, if he gives back the money, a suspended sentence. We hear he wants the former—just time enough to polish off the first draft of his stupendous new book, *How To Steal $650,000, Win Friends, Influence Blondes and Maintain an Air of Cultivated Detachment All at the Same Time, without Yoga*, and sell it to three publishers. At once.

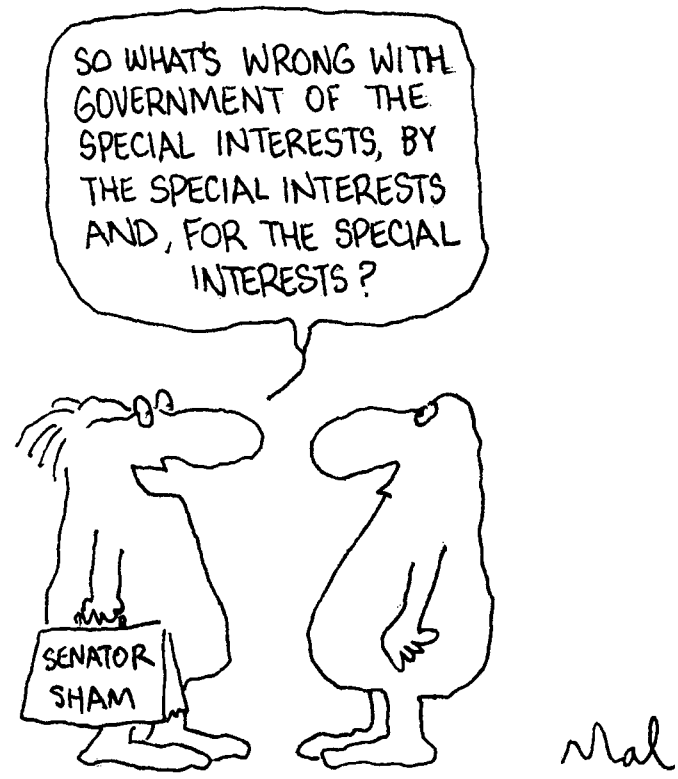
■ The House and the Senate have both taken antibusing stands in the form of amendments to the higher education aid bill. The Senate, that bastion of conservatism, wants to preserve the status quo, the busing we now have. The House, sensing the will of the people, wants to curtail present busing. The House, therefore, instructed its conferees not to compromise on the amendments with their Senate counterparts. That unusual action will hamstring the House conferees but then that is precisely what the House had in mind, the members of the Education and Labor Committee, from which the conferees will be chosen, being more liberal (or is it "conservative"?) than the House as a whole. The House just doesn't trust the Committee members to represent it faithfully on such an issue and hence the instructions which may accomplish the will of the people and which have tied the editorial writers in fits.

■ Is there no end to wickedness? Joe McGinniss, author of the hate-Nixon classic, *The Selling of the President*, and Stuart Hample, librettist of the Broadway musical version thereof that's soon to open, are suing the producer over two references to Terminix, a pest control product, that were sneaked into the script. *After* Ned Cook, president of Cook Industries, which owns Terminix, invested $50,000 in the show. Shocking. Wake up, Jack Anderson!

■ Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty have won a temporary stay of execution, although their ultimate fate is still undecided. At the urging of the President, the House members of the House-Senate conference committee accepted the Senate version of the funding bill, in order to gain enough time to try for a more permanent arrangement. Funding is guaranteed only through June 30 of this year and will be administered through the State Department. The House had voted to extend funding through June 30, 1973 and had wanted it handled through an independent agency. The Senate's only concession was promising to consider between now and June 30 a measure to provide funds for the fiscal year beginning July 1. Meanwhile, the State Department will try to induce our European allies to chip in for part of the expenses.

■ We are now suffering—unless of course you happen to be a student—from what Harvard sociologist David Reisman calls "grade inflation." It seems that though the scores earned by high-school seniors on college entrance exams have dropped from an average 471 in 1966 to 454 last year, over-all college grades have shifted from C average to B. Ds and Fs have virtually disappeared. During the school year 1964-65, the University of Illinois expelled or put on probation 16 per cent of its student body; last year only 3.7 per cent of its undergraduates fell into the same category. "No question about it," chirruped one ebullient college senior, "I never go to school anymore and I *still* get wonderful grades."

■ "Representative Jonathan B. Bingham announced yesterday that he would fight Representative James H. Scheuer in the June 20 primary instead of letting a convention of Bronx Reform Democrats decide between them to avert a head-on clash. . . . Mr. Scheuer contended that a primary fight 'could destroy the Bronx Reform movement'." (*N.Y. Times*, March 14.) Go get him, Jonathan! Kill him, Scheuer, baby!


SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH GOVERNMENT OF THE SPECIAL INTERESTS, BY THE SPECIAL INTERESTS AND, FOR THE SPECIAL INTERESTS?
SENATOR SHAM
Mal

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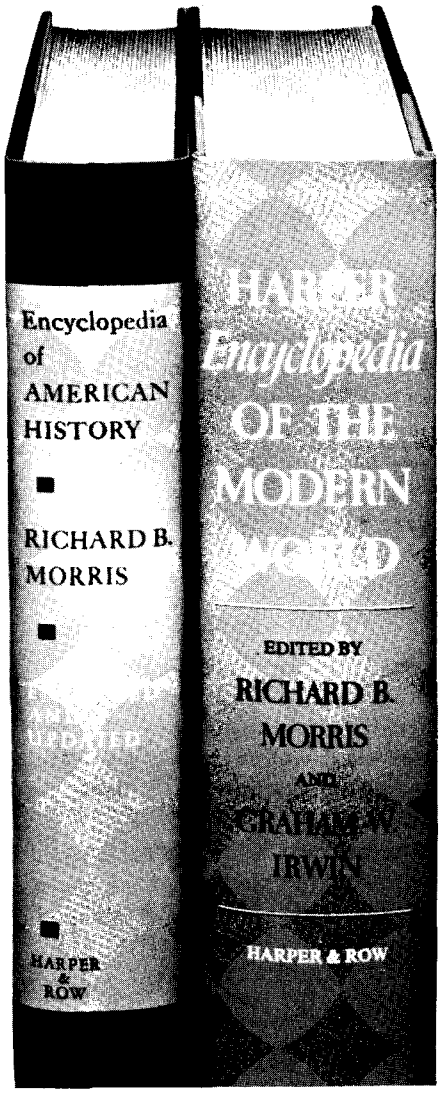

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■ Last fall George Gallup and company surveyed the thinking of young Americans aged sixteen to twenty-nine. The results have been published and most of the survey is chock full of ho-hum items: Parents influence their children; there are more young Democrats than Republicans; kids think unfavorably of the Vietnam war. But there are a few things of interest: 57 per cent of those surveyed thought the government should concentrate on controlling labor unions rather than business; only 34 per cent disagreed with this. And, horror of horrors, General Motors was found to be just about as popular as Ralph Nader. Lastly and bestly, the most lowly regarded individual, easily topping George Wallace and General Westmoreland, was found to be Fidel Castro. This *is* the best batch of youngsters we ever had.

■ Youth Vote Note: In a poll, ten thousand students at 28 Florida colleges were asked which of the eleven Democratic would-bes they preferred. Seventy per cent picked one of the six—McGovern, Muskie, Chisholm, Humphrey, Lindsay, McCarthy—who favor some form of school busing. But, asked if they approved a constitutional amendment to prohibit busing, more than 58 per cent said yes.

■ Catholic, married and fed up and anxiously awaiting for death you two to part? Don't despair. According to the latest Vatican guidelines, if matey, or you, has any of the following characteristics, you might get an annulment: schizophrenia, paranoia, hysteria, obsessive neurosis, sexual monomania, drug addiction, alcoholism or an excessive attachment to one's mother.

■ The Navy has no place to call home in the Mediterranean and would like that to change. Admiral Zumwalt, Chief of Naval Operations, went before a congressional panel and told 1) of the money that would be saved if a "home port" was established and 2) of the "inhuman sacrifices" that Navy men go through because they are so long away from loved ones. Well, gee whiz, said the panel, feeling men all, we'd like to help but you picked Athens as home port and that's in Greece and Greece, is, well, "dictorial." The *New York Times* feels the same way. They know the Soviet buildup in the Mediterranean is a security problem but, more importantly, they know about the "oppressive Greek regime." Neither the congressional panel nor the *Times*, however, has been able to suggest an alternative location, no doubt because both realize there isn't any.

■ *La Plume de ma Tante*, Red China Div.: Radio Shanghai has instituted a lunchtime English language course. In the first half hour, the listening Chinese were taught to say, in English: "Long Live Chairman Mao" and "A long, long life to Chairman Mao."

■ When the smoke died away there was Indira Gandhi, banners on high, in control of the field. Her enemies, left and right, had been routed. She was, as never before during her reign, undisputed master of the land. The Communist parties, which had kept the states of West Bengal and Kerala in turmoil for years, had been broken. The rightists who had controlled several states had been pretty much wiped out. Mrs. Gandhi's New Congress had won 70 percent of the seats in the local state assemblies. Although much of her campaign rhetoric consisted of shrill attacks on the United States and Red China, the election means in practice that Mrs. Gandhi will also be able to steer a more independent course vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. The Pakistan war gave the Indians a sense of union, of destiny and of pride they needed. They gave Mrs. Gandhi a majority in the federal parliament and control of fourteen of the sixteen state assemblies. She has almost five years in which to work her will in India, an enormous responsibility. One small historical footnote: One of the two territories that voted against the New Congress Party was Goa.

Primary Notes

1. *New Hampshire*

Interpretation of the results depends on a grasp of some of the peculiarities of the state. As everyone knows, the voting population is small, and thus unusually susceptible to an intensive person-to-person campaign. Both McCloskey and McGovern attempted to exploit this feature of the situation, becoming, during the past year, virtually residents of the state.

What is not widely understood is that New Hampshire Democrats are, broadly speaking, to the right of the Republicans on most issues. They are heavily blue-collar, Catholic and French-Canadian, and the state Democratic Party puts up dogged and on the whole successful resistance to "progressive" fiscal measures proposed by, for example, moderate-liberal Republican Governor Walter Peterson. On the "social issue," on radical speakers at the state university, and on law-and-order, New Hampshire blue-collar Democrats are, taxonomically, Wallaceite.

Now though Muskie was presented by the media as a shoo-in in New Hampshire, his tactical problem, to put it mildly, was difficult. Nationally, in order to get the nomination and face Nixon with a united party in November, it was essential that Muskie prevent himself from being outflanked on the left. Muskie's macrostrategy, therefore, demanded that he match every left-wing statement by McGovern with one of his own, hoping, meanwhile, to slip through in New Hampshire—his microstrategy—with the slogan Trust Muskie.

This dual strategy crashed to the ground in the blue-collar wards of populous Manchester. William Loeb, publisher of the conservative *Manchester Union-Leader*, saw the contradiction, and in stentorian tones called attention to every left-wing statement Muskie had made during the past months. His paper routinely referred to him as "Moscow Muskie." As a result, the blue-collar voters in Manchester actually perceived Muskie as being to the *left* of McGovern, whom Loeb largely ignored,

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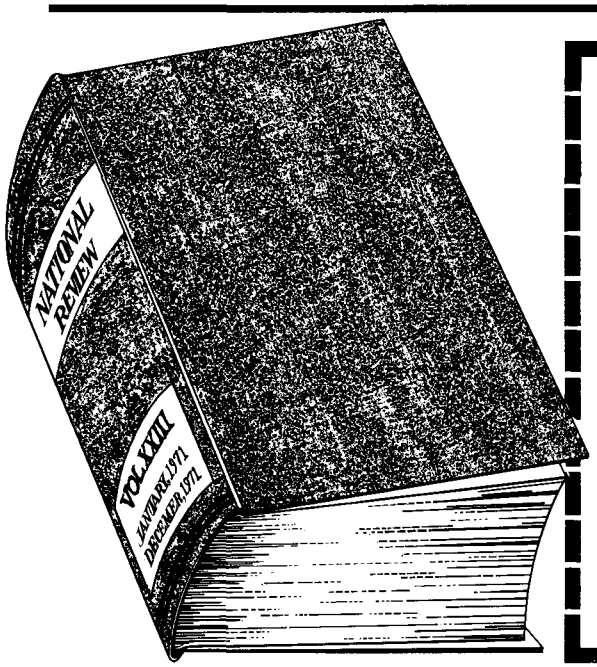

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and voted for McGovern in order to defeat him. Outside of Manchester, Muskie did reasonably well with the blue-collar vote.

McGovern received another large boost in the college towns of Hanover (Dartmouth) and Durham (University of N.H.) where, for many months, he had been assiduously cultivating the knee-jerk vote. To register a sweep in these constituencies, a candidate has only to establish himself as the possibility furthest to the left, and this McGovern easily succeeded in doing. Hanover, for example, went for McGovern 4 to 1, newly registered students greatly swelling his total. In Florida, it will be noted, McGovern receded to something like his standing in the national polls.

New Hampshire Republican politics is equally intricate, the party, like the Democrats, sociologically schizophrenic. Unlike the Democrats, however, the New Hampshire Republican Party is basically middle-class. The "normal" (centrist) Republican candidate can count on getting 70 to 80 per cent of the vote in a Republican primary. However, there is an irreducible 20 per cent of the Republican vote that will be cast against the normal Republican and for virtually *any* liberal Republican alternative. Thus, in 1968, Richard Nixon, running unopposed, received 78 per cent. But Romney (still on the ballot) together with Rockefeller and Eugene McCarthy write-ins added up to roughly 20 per cent. This year, Pete McCloskey picked up the same 20 per cent. Again, the liberal vote is centered in places like Hanover and Durham, where McCloskey actually beat Nixon, and in the posher resort towns. But the milkman's horse, running as a liberal, could get 20 per cent of the Republican vote in New Hampshire.

2. *Florida*

The composition of the electorate here is too well-known to require special analysis. The big winner: Richard Nixon; not so much because of his overwhelming percentage of the Republican vote as because of the accelerating fragmentation of his Democratic opposition. Whether a party comprising a range of opinion stretching from George Wallace through Lindsay, McGovern and Chisholm can be reconstructed as a coherent political institution by Muskie, Humphrey, Kennedy or anyone else seems very much in doubt.

Muskie, running a poor fourth with 9 per cent of the vote, went down for the second time. Gene McCarthy could administer the coup de grâce in the forthcoming Illinois primary. Lindsay spent a fortune, but could manage only to split the black vote with Humphrey and Chisholm—Miamians were aware of his performance in New York—and finished a humiliating fifth, with 7 per cent, trailed by McGovern and Chisholm. Henry Jackson rose out of anonymity on his first try with a rather impressive third-place finish at 13 per cent. If Wallace had not been on hand, Jackson's antibusing stand combined with his populism might have made him the winner. (N.B. On preliminary analysis, it appears that 40 per cent of black voters voted against busing.) Swamping all his rivals, beating second-place Humphrey by 2.5 to 1, George Wallace indeed "sent them a message" in Washington.

John Ashbrook has now appeared in two primaries, getting 11 per cent of the vote in New Hampshire and about 10 per cent in Florida. He has been stressing the important issues, but without the resources to conduct a full-scale campaign his tactical problems have been severe, particularly because such nationally known conservatives as Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan and Spiro Agnew have been affirming the acceptability of the Nixon performance in the light of any visible Democratic alternative. There is no sign at this point of any significant rejection among Republicans of Nixon as the inevitable candidate. However, we may be sure that the Administration is not laughing off that 10 per cent of the vote Ashbrook has been drawing. It is comprised of conscious and activist conservative voters. Ashbrook will be on the ballot in some other primaries, he is likely to make a good showing in California where a full 96-member Ashbrook slate has been entered, and his very presence in the Republican electoral picture tends to limit the Administration's leftward options.

The Nixon Dilemma

To rally 'round or send him packing . . .
First, let's agree there's something lacking.
I gather even Barry's clammy
About his doings since Miami.
I grant you Rehnquist is appealing.
But deficits have hit the ceiling,
And FAP and VAT are in the offing
Despite a lot of noisy coughing.
Meanwhile, a rusting U.S. Navy
Has visions winding up with Davy.
The evidence suggests he blew it.
But if it's Teddy, I can't do it.

W. H. von Dreele

Hurray for Primaries!

A few years ago we were told by our betters that letting boss-controlled conclaves choose the delegates to Presidential nominating conventions thwarted the people's will, and the only democratic way was to have wide-open popular primaries in each state of the union. So now we've got lots and lots of wide-open primaries, and already we learn from the same source that they are a shocking travesty of democracy, a vicious treadmill, a circus, and, moreover, don't always seem to give the kind of result our perennial mentors expect of them. So now we must abolish all state primaries and have one great big national super-primary which, by one of the usual

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miracles of the liberal imagination, will be an orderly, responsible, simon-pure expression of the popular will.

Before they disappear into the garbage can of history, we want to put in a word for the primary process in its present mode. From a surface view it is as absurd as any of its critics allege; confused, messy, exhausting alike to participant and spectator, at a moronic intellectual level, shockingly costly etc. etc. But still, something, and something very important, does seem to get through. Not any enlightenment about the matters of grave import, domestic and foreign, that are formally at issue in the campaign: most of these are in any case so infinitely complicated that hardly anyone, candidates included, really comprehends them—they are largely, for better or worse, on the laps of the gods. But what the grinding ordeal of the primaries tests, and what the voters, largely intuitively, gradually perceive through it, is the character of the men who have flung their challenge into the lists. In the course of the primary campaign each must meet every sort of physical, psychological and moral monster. And each must thereby show, cannot help showing in some degree, just what kind of man he is. If the average voter cannot understand the intellectual complexities of policy, he feels instinctively that the leader must be able to endure, to face crises, to make up his mind, to make firm decisions, to command. The voter knows the difference between being a suitable head of government and being a smart professor, a learned scientist, an eloquent writer or a charming conversationalist.

So when the heat of the New Hampshire campaign causes the then-leading Democratic challenger to break down and cry, the voter, putting that spectacle together with his equivocations and evasions and his petulant eruptions, draws the conclusion that, indeed, he does not want a hand of that sort next to the red button: the symbol, in such a nation as ours in such a world, is meaningful and appropriate. Edmund Muskie, we may already predict with assurance, is not going to be the next President even if by some concatenation of complexities he gets the Democratic nomination. And there will be others soon falling by the primary wayside.

The primaries are not a likely device for guaranteeing we will get our very best citizen for leader, but they are a fairly effective means of getting rid, at least, of the manifestly unfit. As things go in this world, that is something to be thankful for.

Campaigning? Who—me?

"As the Senior Obscenity from Massachusetts, I categorically deny that my spectacular but nonpolitical leap into the Carefree Health and Defector Eulogizing Super-Tank was intended as anything more than a belly flop!"

Irving v. Red Fox

A child known to posterity only as George Psalmanazar was born in the south of France to French parents in, it is thought, the year 1679. After attending Franciscan and Jesuit schools, the young man launched himself on the road to fame and fortune. Inventing the name George Psalmanazar, he forged a passport, passed himself off as Japanese, and led a wandering life in the Low Countries and in the states of Germany. Soon, however, he decided to present himself as a Formosan, this being a more exotic, and less verifiable, identity.

After enlisting in the army of the Elector of Cologne, Psalmanazar, who had gained some notoriety by championing the "Formosan religion" in debates with Christian spokesmen, fell in with an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. W. Innes, who converted him to Anglicanism and presented him triumphantly to the Bishop of London. The Formosan "convert" was an overnight social sensation. He translated the Anglican Catechism into "Formosan," a language he himself invented. He lectured on Formosan matters at Oxford, and gave instruction in the Formosan language. The learned were dazzled by his *Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa*

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Laurel and Hardy at Harrisburg

Harrisburg, March 13—Certain aspects of the Harrisburg Seven trial give you pause. The *Harrisburg Patriot* is barely on the newsstands, announcing that Daniel Berrigan cannot enter the courtroom because he is a possible witness, when, hey presto, there is Father Dan sitting in the courtroom right next to Mrs. Leonard Boudin, wife of the chief attorney for the defense. And just when you think that Spiro has overstated his case, some media correspondent smooches one of the defendants: It is, perhaps, the kissingest courtroom in the history of English-speaking jurisprudence.

The prosecution presented nothing of substance that was not known to the public months ago. There is the celebrated (and edited) correspondence between Father Philip Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth McAlister, brummagem Abelard to a banal Heloise. And there is Boyd Douglas, the government's key witness. There are no surprises, no outbursts.

The defense is obviously going after three different points. The first of these is Boyd Douglas who is, to understate the matter, something less than the ideal witness. Convicts testifying against priests and nuns are a bit bizarre to begin with, and Douglas appears to be a man who told people what they wanted to hear, whether it regarded peace plots or his love life. He is a skilful witness: cool and deliberate. But shakable.

The second point will be J. Edgar Hoover. This line of defense will try to show that the FBI intensified its investigations after Hoover's testimony on November 27, 1970: i.e., that the government had to come up with something, and came up with Phil, Liz and company. In this aspect, Douglas will be made to appear not only an informer, but an agent provocateur, cunningly leading the innocents into a trap.

Finally, there are those accursed letters. They have to be accounted for, they cannot be wished away. Here, the defense will have to fall back on the emotional approach. Philip Berrigan, during much of the time under discussion, was denied many visitation and correspondence privileges. Under this emotional stress, he fell into a form of fantasy-life in which Sister Elizabeth joined him, for his peace of mind. And that approach might work. That would still leave the charges on draft-board raids and smuggling of correspondence, but those are pretty feeble when compared to blowing up heating systems and hustling Henry Kissinger around the countryside.

And, it could be true. One unshakable conclusion after reading the letters is the total puerility of them all: rather as though the Eighteenth Brumaire had been entrusted to Laurel and Hardy. If revolution has come to this, the Republic will stand firm for a few more years.

—Sheldon M. Smith

(1704) and his *Dialogue between a Japanese and a Formosan* (1707). He would have made still more money with his *Memoirs*, in which he told all, but, unfortunately, he died in 1763, the year before they were published.

The editors of *NR* have had great difficulty in deciding whether this year's George Psalmanazar Award should go to Clifford Irving or to Chief Red Fox.

Irving's claim is, obviously, formidable; and in any ordinary year he would be the clear choice over the many other contenders. On top of everything, he has now made a deal with McGraw-Hill, which will publish his forthcoming book about the conning of McGraw-Hill, Irving himself to clear $100,000. He is reported to be checking on the library facilities at various federal prisons, and his stay at government expense will no doubt be brief.

But Chief Red Fox is no slouch either. In just one year his *Memoirs of Chief Red Fox*—published by McGraw-Hill!—has gone through seven hard-cover printings and on into paperback; it has been praised by the *N.Y. Times*' reviewer and even by President Nixon; only, it turns out, some twelve thousand words "or more" appear to have been lifted from a thirty-year-old work on the Sioux well-known to historians; doubt has been cast on much of the rest by scholars, and spokesmen for the Sioux claim never to have heard of the "Chief." The Chief's ghostwriter comments that his "conscience is clear": He just touched up what the Chief gave him. And down in Corpus Christi, the Chief—he says he's 101 years old—comments only that now "I already have enough money to set my tombstone up." You betchum.

The editors, accordingly, have been driven by the fecundity of this year's Hoax Season to adopt a Solomonic Solution. Cliff Irving deserves the George Psalmanazar Award. But a new and equivalent honor goes to Chief Red Fox: The Cagliostro Prize of 1972.

After West Met East

Item. Gallup pollees were asked to choose, from a list of adjectives, those that best described the Chinese. In 1966, words such as "ignorant," "warlike," "sly" and "treacherous" predominated; now, after the Nixon visit, the commonest are "hard-working," "intelligent," "artistic" [sic], "progressive" and "practical." *Item.* The United States has made several announcements regarding trade with Red China. Most prominent is our sale of the satellite ground station in Shanghai to the Chinese; but we have also authorized the re-export of various American products related to airplanes and railways. *Item.* Britain and China agreed to establish full diplomatic relations after Britain acknowledged that Taiwan was "a province" of China. Britain had never officially recog-

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nized the Taiwan government, but it had two consulates there, which it will now close. *Item.* Japan drew Peking's fire for its comments on Taiwan. According to Hsinhua, the Chinese news agency, the Japanese position "spread the nonsense that the status of Taiwan remains to be determined," and "once again reveals the Sato government's reactionary stand of insisting on being hostile toward China." *Item.* The Japanese government has said that it regards the American military presence as essential protection against the Soviets, although it has also tentatively agreed to help the Soviet Union build its trans-Siberia oil pipeline (which might prove useful in the ongoing border dispute with China). *Item.* Nationalist China is interested in contacts with Communist nations that "are not the puppets of Communist China." It is relaxing restrictions on imports from Eastern European countries, and might permit exports to them. *Item.* Prince Sihanouk has repeated Chou En-lai's statement to him that "it was China's duty to support these resistance movements [i.e., in North Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos] until total victory. China wants to see an end to the suffering of the Indochinese people who are unjustly the victims of American aggression." *Item.* Within one report to the Senate, Secretary of State William Rogers said a) that Nixon's trip has established "a solid foundation on which to build" better relations, and that it has broken "the pattern of hostility" between us and Red China, and b) that our relations with Moscow would be strained until Moscow "overcomes its temptation to exploit explosive situations for national advantage." *Item.* It was our ambassador to France, Arthur Watson, who had to travel from our embassy to the Chinese embassy in Paris, to chat with Huang Chen.

Floor or Ceiling?

The same government that is trying to scold some prices down is also trying to legislate other prices up. Import quotas and farm price supports were effective enough to help generate a 10.8 per cent rise in February wholesale prices. Now, Congress is worried that foreign and charter airlines will offer low air fares (horrors!), so the CAB's authority to enforce minimum rates will probably be extended to squelch such competition. Official tolerance of monopoly union extortion likewise continues to push where the Cost of Living Council is pulling.

Prices have now had four months to thaw, but the Administration's professional optimists are still apologizing for inflation as a "post-freeze bulge." Bulging prices are real enough—measured price increases have been continually above last July's rate—it's just the explanation that's unconvincing. In view of the comparatively slow monetary growth since July, and the fact that non-union wage increases were generally below 5.5 per cent before NEP, the main effect of controls may well be to set a floor under wage and price movements. Of course these guidelines do not apply to union settlements, which are apparently on some altogether different standard.

An equally fascinating development is the deafening silence of that throng of economists who, only two months ago, were predicting an enormous boom. Rates of unemployment, industrial production and unused plant capacity have been exactly parallel to the previous winter's prelude to a so-far non-booming year. The boom by consensus is still "around the corner," but the inflationary bulge is here and now.

The only likely beneficiaries of "controls" are aspiring tax evaders—some of whom may get a windfall from the diversion of three thousand Internal Revenue agents to police private prices rather than public revenues. Only about 2 per cent of the tax returns will get more than routine treatment this year.

In his Dallas home, C. Jackson Grayson, public relations man and part-time head of the Price Commission, has a little sign over his desk: "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, and those are pretty good odds."

Road Bloc Just Ahead?

West German Chancellor Willy Brandt must complete an intricate route before he can bring home his Ostpolitik. It begins to look as if he may not make it.

First there was the treaty with the Soviet Union. This he signed in Moscow in 1970, but there remained and remains ratification by the Bundesrat and the Bundestag, upper and lower house, respectively, of the West German parliament. The parliament was not willing to begin consideration until a new Berlin agreement was negotiated. This was in due course done and signed by the representatives of the Four Powers last summer. But Moscow refused to ratify *it* until the treaty was ratified. And then, at the top of the triangle, was the European security conference, for years apple of the Kremlin's eye, and the Western powers declined to get definite about *its* date until *both* the West German treaty *and* the Four-Power Berlin agreement were formally ratified by the parties concerned. Not so simple to get all those gears meshing.

In defense of his Ostpolitik, Brandt and those who agree with him argue that by these three steps the European stalemate will be broken, a promising East-West détente will be achieved, the two Germanies will come closer together, and Western Europe will have a chance to influence as well as trade with the East European nations more actively. Rainer Barzel and his Christian Democrats in opposition insist that Brandt is deluding himself, that Moscow, under the Brezhnev Doctrine, has been tightening, not loosening, its control over Eastern bloc policies, trade and travel, and that the net result of Brandt's Ostpolitik could only be the final legitimization of the Communist empire, the end to any hope of

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future German reunification, and an opening for the advance of Moscow's influence in Western Europe.

Both defenders and opponents, except for Herr Barzel and his Bavarian colleague, Franz Joseph Strauss, took more or less for granted that in the end the triple arrangement would go through. But for that Brandt had to be able to hold together his minute Bundestag majority, made up of a coalition between his Social Democrats and the small Free Democratic Party. Then the Bundesrat, representing the federal states, rejected the Moscow treaty 21 to twenty. This meant that for ratification Brandt must get an absolute majority of 249 members in the 456-member Bundestag. Then a poll showed the voters 50 per cent for the Christian Democrats against 45 per cent for the Social Democrats. Two Free Democrats swung into opposition, and Herbert Hupka of Brandt's own party defected. That left only 250 for ratification, with another Free Democrat (Baron Knut von Kühlmann-Stumm) expressing grave misgivings. If he and only one more deputy swing to nay, the treaty will be defeated. And then, as *Pravda* has already declared, Moscow will be very cross, and will refuse to ratify the Berlin agreement. And in turn the Western powers will refuse to go to the security conference. And it might even be that Richard Nixon's May trip to Moscow would be, as *Time* puts it threateningly, "jeopardized."

Well, the prospect is terribly upsetting to *Time*, which headlines "The Sudden Danger to Détente in Europe." The *Economist* (London) is rather more to our taste with "Not the End of the World: If Herr Barzel's men do kill that Russian-German treaty, it won't be all that much of a disaster."

Notes & Asides

■ March 6, 1972
The President
The White House
Washington, D.C.
Dear Mr. President:

The delay of the past few weeks in responding to your kind invitation to serve another term as a member of the Advisory Commission on Information has been the result of my asking myself, rather protractedly, whether I had anything left to contribute to the USIA, having been associated with it now for a period of three years. Such general advice as I have to give it, I have given it directly and indirectly, and one fears always redundancy, particularly in activities that are time-consuming.

My decision, taking all factors into account is not to serve another term, and I take the opportunity to thank you for your confidence in me.

A final word: I have nothing but praise for the great majority of the staff of the USIA, whose talent and devotion to their work deeply impressed me. I mean to include also the staff of the Advisory Commission and my colleagues on the Commission. And I know that you are aware of the great esteem in which I hold the Director, Mr. Frank Shakespeare.

With best personal regard to you and Mrs. Nixon,
Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

P.S. Unless I hear from your office that you do not wish me to do so, I shall release this letter in about a week's time.

■ March 9, 1972
Dear Bill:

Your letter of March 6 has reached me, and it was with regret that I learned of your decision not to serve another term on the U.S. Advisory Commission on Information.

I have deeply appreciated your services on the Commission for the past three years, and I have valued highly your contributions to its work. Your generous comments about the members of USIA and your associates on the Commission are gratifying and I know they would want to join me in expressing warmest thanks and good wishes to you.

Sincerely,
Richard Nixon

Messrs. Evans and Novak have published an account of a private correspondence between me and Mr. Peter Flanigan, Assistant to the President. For the sake of the record, it is reproduced in its entirety below.—WFB

■ January 3, 1972
Dear Peter:

I found you, over the telephone, strange, and strangely misinformed. The latter is easier to clear up:

1) I asked whether you had seen the statement in NATIONAL REVIEW (copy attached). No, you said; and anyway, down there you consider that NATIONAL REVIEW is the instrument of Bill Rusher. Well, it isn't. Bill contributes to the editorial policy, but final decisions are necessarily mine, and in fact he did not see, before its publication, the editorial in which we made the crucial point that John Ashbrook had promised that he would not oppose Mr. Nixon in a general election.

You are apparently the only man in Washington who is unaware that I personally opposed the idea of John's entering the race. But the *NR* statement made the distinction between *sponsoring* his entry into the race, and *endorsing* him once he was entered. Since what has now developed in New Hampshire is a popularity contest between the Republican Left as led by McCloskey, and the Republican Right as led by Ashbrook, you could hardly expect that NATIONAL REVIEW would fail to urge its followers to vote for Ashbrook.

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Memo to: all of you who are so interested in Ireland
and its current troubles

Re: some solid information on the subject (at last!)
that you'll want to get immediately.

To judge from our mailbag, the bloodshed in Ulster is of tremendous concern to a great many of you. Poor NR is accused from all sides of failing to come down on the right side of this many-sided problem -- yet very few of our correspondents could possibly agree with one another.

The situation is further complicated by this well-known fact: there are just not many really good books about Ireland available (an Irish friend claims that "there is no such thing as a decent history of Ireland -- let alone an unprejudiced one!"). Well, we think we've found a good one, and we hasten to make it available to you for less than half price -- all you have to do is use the card facing this page (please act now -- this offer will not be repeated!).

The straightforward title is "The Irish," and while author Richard O'Connor wastes few words, he doesn't skip over much either. This big (just under 400 pages and -- mirabile dictu -- fully indexed, so you can go back and find the parts you'll want to quote) book contains an enormous amount of information, opinion, fact, anecdote -- not to mention some of the funniest stories you've heard in a long time. Many will want to begin with the last few chapters, as they will tell you most about the current situation -- but it is that kind of book, one that you can pick up and go through as you please. Some samples:

- "...a Dubliner told me, 'Out of Ireland's three millions we have 500,000 clergymen, several hundred thousand IRA men, and the rest are all politicians.'"

- "What, then, is so precious about this Irishness the Irish are bent on preserving? Or is it precious at all? You could no more ask that question in Ireland and expect a mild answer than you could ask an Israeli what is so valuable about Jewishness."

- "Never agree with an Irishman when he is criticizing himself; he can do a far better job on his own and resents any footnotes to his self-destructive soliloquies."

But I haven't room to tell it all (although I can't resist mentioning one of the quoted malaprops of Sir Boyle Roach, who once said: "Why should we [put] ourselves out for posterity? What has posterity done for us?" -- his hilarious sayings alone would make this book a treasure. The point is, if Ireland is your thing, you've got to have this book. You can get it now for just $3.95 (retail price $7.95 -- you save $4.00) along with your new or renewal subscription to National Review. (If you're renewing, we'll just extend your current expiration date by a full year.) Please don't miss this one-time-only opportunity: we've ordered only enough books to cover this one ad, so even if you yourself don't give a hoot about Ireland, tell some friend about this offer without delay (just give him the handy card).

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I regret that you led me into hit-and-run arguments concerning individual policies of Mr. Nixon. It would be a waste of your time, and certainly of mine, to dwell on these. If you are unaware that there is conservative dissatisfaction, or more accurately apprehension, then you have become dangerously insular, and you have neglected more than the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

On the day before you called me, I sent out my column (copy attached) wherein I recounted the essential analysis done by the conservatives in discussing Ashbrook's candidacy. Where my own preferences lay is not heavily disguised. If you expected that I should now denounce Ashbrook's candidacy, then you expected more than I think you have reason to expect; reason being—I remind you—what prompted Nixon to support Goldwater after his nomination in San Francisco in 1964.

2) Speaking of which, mon vieux, I know that politics does strange things to people, but men of your breeding ought really—if politics has so seized you—to try to leave certain things *implicit*. Not only did you not do so, you moved in lasciviously, suggesting that it is wildly ironical that only 48 hours before my name was used by Ashbrook, I had telephoned you to endorse an ambassadorship for xxxxx. I thereupon reminded you that I have never commended to your attention a basketcase, that on the very few occasions when I have endorsed someone to you, it has been someone whose services I thought Mr. Nixon's Administration could profitably use. To which observation I hope you have permitted yourself to forget the response you gave, namely, that in the light of my endorsement of John Ashbrook, how could you really and truly believe me when I told you I thought someone would render effective service to Mr. Nixon's Administration? The inference is that I would recommend men who would *subvert* his Administration.

And then, dear Peter, you remind me that it was *you* who had the decisive influence in persuading Mr. Agnew to come to New York to speak for my brother! I hope you do not think me ungrateful for reminding you, a) that the altogether admirable objective of the Nixon Administration was to defeat Charles Goodell, my brother's election being an incidental benefit; b) that my brother, following the dictates of his own conscience, has performed very satisfactorily from the point of view of the Nixon Administration; and that c) I have attempted to cultivate conservative values, in my own way, for twenty years, and I would not have dreamed it possible that any favor done by you to someone with whom I have biological ties—or by Mr. Agnew, or by Mr. Mitchell or Mr. Kissinger or by Mr. Nixon—carried the implication that I was thereupon bound, athwart the interests of my own conscience and constituency, to adopt the role of a double agent.

Yet I don't know, I don't know . . . Maybe that is *exactly* what you do think. Maybe I should be grateful that you did not remind me, over the telephone, that, after all, I did receive an invitation to the Inaugural Ball.

Well, there we are. You know my present feelings about next November. You know also the consternation I feel, along with many other friends of Mr. Nixon, about the implication of some of his policies. However, you may feel free to call me at any time, about any problem, without running the risk that I shall seize the opportunity to rehearse before you the list of *my* contributions to the cause of Richard Nixon which, we shall all struggle to see to it, will remain co-extensive with the cause of the Republic.

With all good wishes,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

P.S. Don't forget xxxxx.

■ January 6, 1972
The White House
Washington
Dear Bill:

Regarding your letter of January 3, strange I may be, but that work of God is probably beyond repair even by Bill Buckley. Misinformed I am not, in that the central fact is that you are supporting Ashbrook against the President for the Republican nomination in New Hampshire. Having now read the NATIONAL REVIEW editorial, I find the quality of my information has *not* changed. There may be a distinction between "sponsoring" and "endorsing" Ashbrook, but from a practical political point of view there is no difference. Of course, I was aware of your opposition to Ashbrook's entering the primary. And I naturally expected you would have the wisdom to *oppose* him if he did.

I am amused that you consider it "a waste of time to dwell on" the "individual policies of Mr. Nixon." No doubt this is because of your position that no policy is important as compared with a more vocal commitment by the President to a stronger national defense, regardless of chances of success in the Congress.

Nevertheless, believing as I do that the other policies

His Last Words

The climate is unhealthy, east, west, north and south.
—Mayor Lindsay

You call the newspapers,
  I'll buy the bier;
Tell them the suffering
  Wasn't severe.
Doctors expected he'd
  Linger till June,
But it's a blessing he
  Passed on so soon.
Tighten the winding sheet;
  Open the crypt.
Something was terribly
  Wrong with the script.

W. H. VON DREELE

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are also important, I can't resist recommending a short course on the budget to follow your short course on the economics of insurance. I was astounded that so vocal a critic of deficits should suggest that there is "a third cure" to those deficits. George Shultz and I had been under the impression that the only two alternatives were increasing revenue by raising taxes on the one hand, or cutting expenditures (which by nature of the budget must largely be in the defense area) on the other hand. As I recall, you said "tut tut, Peter. You're ignoring the third alternative, which is borrowing." The fact of the matter is that borrowing is what the government does when it runs a deficit, and is exactly the course being followed by this Administration, whose policies in this field you find so abhorrent. (It must be this type of economics that prompts that annual letter I get from the NATIONAL REVIEW pleading for contributions to keep the door from closing.)

With regard to Mr. xxxxx, my comments to you made no reference to the qualities of the individual you recommended. I merely pointed out that one could hardly expect that recommendations from supporters of McCloskey and other opponents of the President are likely to receive the same careful consideration given the recommendations from those who support him in season and out.

As for the support given by the Administration to the Conservative candidate for the Senate in 1970, you can't seriously believe that any individual in the White House acts in a personal role in matters such as this. Credit for these actions obviously belongs to the President, and it would seem to me appropriate that all Buckleys, not just the Senator, evidence a sense of gratitude and loyalty in response thereto. They might even weigh them in the scale when considering those Administration policies which, according to conservative theology, are aberrations.

I am satisfied that the President will easily survive the likes of McCloskey and Ashbrook in New Hampshire. I am, however, concerned that my friend Bill Buckley would be so unwise as to endorse an opponent of a President who has so effectively served the interests of the Republic in a difficult time. Yours,

Peter M. Flanigan
Assistant to the President

■ February 16, 1972

Dear Peter:

Forgive the lateness of my reply to yours of a month ago. I have been traveling, and doing my best, which providentially is very good, to allay the fears of South Vietnamese who reason that Mr. Nixon's recommendations for a new South Vietnamese government are dangerous for the same reasons identified by Mr. Nixon when Robert Kennedy proposed them. And, in India, you'd have been proud of the way I handled the schoolchildren, who didn't altogether understand what, finally, we got out of handling the situation there as we did. I forebore quoting Mr. Galbraith who recently acknowledged the conventional tension between the interests of morality and those of strategy, and marveled that on this occasion we had managed to proceed against both. As for the economic question, I do not wish to instruct you on the differences between increasing the supply of money by merely issuing it, and increasing the supply of money by borrowing it (the term I used) from individuals, who therefore do not have it in their possession to spend, the latter being anti-inflationary, the former not. For more, look under *Money*.

You speak quite confidently of your ability in New Hampshire to "survive" the "likes of Ashbrook." Your meaning is rather narrower than my own, who also care for survival. The *New York Times*' lead editorial the other day rejoiced over "the abandonment of outmoded conservative doctrine (by) the Nixon Administration," recording that "President Nixon's winning campaign provided few hints that he intended to depart in significant ways from conservative orthodoxy. But in three years, Mr. Nixon has transformed the political and ideological landscape" in ways which are pleasing to the editors of the *New York Times*, and displeasing to the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, and if you are too much caught up in the excitement of it all to notice that which is clear both to the editors of the *New York Times* and of NATIONAL REVIEW, then I predict you are going to have a difficult time in assessing reality. But I shall give you a sneak-preview of this reality, namely that Mr. Nixon is not vested by the Constitution with the power to repeal conservative doctrine; nor, alas, with the power to emasculate the missionary ideology of the Soviet Union.

I tried to say it as gently as I could in my first letter, and it is with some embarrassment that I now put it more directly: the backing of my brother by Richard Nixon in November of 1970 gives his Administration zero claim on me to back Administration policies when I disapprove of them. I have backed Mr. Nixon on a thousand occasions without once supposing that for that reason he owed me anything. One of these days you will have to remind yourself that there are really quite a lot of people in the United States who are *not* running for office, and for whom patronage from the White House is *not* the supreme ambition, and that because you lead so cosmopolitan a life, the odds are that every now and then you are actually going to bump into one such; or, if you prefer, that you will be run over by one.

I'd of course be glad, whenever you please, to elaborate on this or any other point that vexes you.

With most cordial regards,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

P.S. Len Garment was here for a couple of days, and gave me the bad news, that you had broken your Achilles tendon. Did you do so while talking over the telephone?

—WFB

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Has Taiwan a Future?

Discussion of the Taiwan issue since the Shanghai communiqué has been a mixture of naïveté and deceit—naïveté prevailing among the general public, with a liberal seasoning of deceit in the comments of officials. The chatter about "standing by our commitments" is beside the point, a placebo to quiet the conscience of the speaker or dupe his audience.

Commitments, like laws and policies, come and go, and as with laws or policies, the latest in time takes precedence over the earlier. It is easy to learn what our current and prevailing commitments are in the Taiwan instance. They are written out in the Shanghai communiqué, signed, sealed and delivered by our President. We are committed to the proposition that there is one and only one China, that Taiwan is part of that one China, and that China's legitimate as well as de facto government is the Communist government in Peking. We are committed to the withdrawal of our military forces from Taiwan, and we have already withdrawn them from the Taiwan Strait. We are committed to noninterference in relations between Mainland China and Taiwan while looking forward to the day when "a peaceful settlement is achieved." Self-evidently, the only conceivable settlement on these premises, whether peaceful or not, is the incorporation of Taiwan within Communist-ruled China.

There is in the communiqué no sign or shadow of any commitment on our part to defend or even to support in any manner the freedom, independence, sovereignty, integrity or right to self-determination of Taiwan or its inhabitants. It is true that *subsequent* to publication of the communiqué U.S. officials have referred to our obligations and commitments under the 1954 mutual defense treaty with the Free Chinese government. But if those obligations continue unmodified, why was there no mention of them in the communiqué? Because the Communist Chinese would have been offended and would not agree to it, you say? Just so: that is, the President's objective of coming to an agreement with the Communist Chinese took precedence over the obsolescent obligation from the past. The priority is unambiguous.

Peking's Commitments

On their side, the Peking representatives were not shy about including explicit statements in the text of the communiqué of *their* obligations and commitments. "The people want revolution —this has become the inevitable trend of history. . . . The Chinese side . . . firmly supports the struggles of all oppressed people and nations for freedom and liberation. . . . The Chinese side expressed its firm support to the peoples of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia in their efforts for the attainment of their goals and . . . to the seven-point proposal of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of the Republic of South Vietnam. . . . It firmly supports the eight-point program for the peaceful unification of Korea. . . . The liberation of Taiwan is China's internal affair."

The fact that the Kuomintang government in Taipei also asserts that Taiwan is only a province of the one China, combined with the Peking-Washington concert and last autumn's UN action, completes the political and strategic basis for Peking's takeover of Taiwan. Granted that basis, there remain only the tactical moves whereby the takeover is accomplished. It is not a question, for the present, of armed invasion. If and when the Communists initiate military action, it will come as culmination of a political process that has already begun.

The majority, probably a very large majority, of the people of Taiwan do not want to become subjects of the Mainland's Communist regime. However, the people of Taiwan may not have much to say about it. Reading the political-strategic writing on the wall, factions of both the governing Mainlander minority and the Taiwanese proper, in conjunction with Communist agents who are already active, will aim to protect their own local power positions by a deal with Peking while there is still time. It was no accident that ancient Kuomintang generals were hauled out of the cellar to be photographed at banquets during the Nixon visit.

On the existing political-strategic basis the process might be prolonged but the eventual outcome is certain. To alter it—that is, to prevent the Communist takeover of Taiwan—the political-strategic basis would have to be abandoned. The Taiwanese would have to reject the one-China doctrine, and make independent sovereignty their de jure as well as de facto objective. It is from these realities that William F. Buckley Jr. in *NR*'s last issue (March 17) derived the conclusion that, as he put it, "The time has come for the government of Taiwan to secede from China."

How Many Chinas?

I do not think it likely, however, that the present government of Taiwan would or could carry through the basic change of course, certainly not under Chiang Kai-shek, whose political essence is inseparable from the one-China doctrine. Though some of the Mainlanders, especially the younger generation, could make the shift, I think it could be carried through only with the primary support and probably the political ascendancy of the Taiwanese—who after all have lived in their own distinctive island community for centuries. If so, the basic change is not likely to come without severe, extensive, even revolutionary domestic political struggle in Taiwan.

Such struggles would be the sort of occasion that in our time brings the intervention of one or more external powers, often on invitation from the parties to the internal dispute. Undoubtedly there would be in that situation a party of "loyal Chinese" who would request help in restoring order from their brothers on the Mainland. And I am afraid there would also be those in Taiwan who would be foolish enough to suppose that the United States—for its own sake if not for theirs—might give them some help in maintaining their freedom. □

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EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

Wiggins is an embezzler, serving his third term. He was in Attica at the time, but not part of the rebel group. Here's what really happened, why it happened and who was most to blame

The Truth about Attica By an Inmate

FREDERICK WIGGINS

THIS ARTICLE is my effort to analyze and evaluate what happened at Attica Prison prior to, during and after the recent rebellion. I will also expound on my ideas about penal and judicial reform.

The exaggerated, contradictory and confused reports I have read in numerous newspapers and magazines are what motivated me to attempt this article.

Why do I feel capable of casting some light on the confusion about the rebellion? For the simple reason that I was at Attica Prison prior to the rebellion, during the rebellion and after the rebellion, and because I know some of the alleged leaders and many actual participants in the riot, people who were security guards and helped to wire the booby traps.

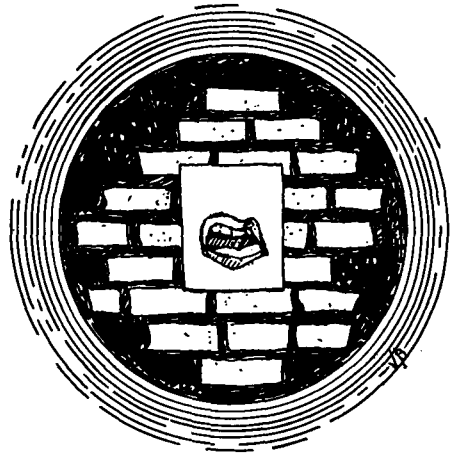
I am a forty-year-old third-offender who has served over nine years in such New York State prisons as Attica, Auburn and Wallkill.

I first served time at Attica in 1956-1958, my second time at Attica was 1963-1964, and my most recent stay has been from May 18, 1971 until now. You can see by that record that I am familiar with Attica, past and present.

There seem to be three principal questions to be answered: 1) Was there a valid reason for the riot? 2) Did Commissioner Oswald handle the situation properly? 3) What penal reforms should be initiated?

To formulate an opinion about question 1), I feel we should evaluate some of the rebels' demands.

One demand was for better food and less pork. The demand for less pork was made primarily to assuage the



Black Muslim segment of the prison population. The Black Muslims comprised about 3 per cent of the inmate population. The other 97 per cent couldn't have cared less about the pork issue.

There was some validity to the demand for more meat, but a dietitian would tell us that 75 per cent of the prisoners did sedentary work and those who did physical labor worked no more than five hours a day; thus the meat ration was more than adequate to maintain proper nutrition levels under the existing conditions.

The food served prior to the rebellion sure as hell wasn't like Mom's, but it was adequate and was on par with the Air Force food of the late Forties.

The trays and glasses could have been kept much cleaner, but their being dirty was as much the fault of the inmates as it was of the guards who supervised them.

Next we will examine the complaint that you had to be a white or a homosexual to get a good job.

The two principal clerks in the school office were blacks, six out of seven men in the library were black including the head librarian, at least 80 per cent of the school inmate teachers were black (two science teachers, a Spanish teacher, a math teacher, an audio-visual instructor and the cell-study English teacher); and the inmate art instructor was Puerto Rican. The civilian head of the cell-study program was black.

Yes, it is true that 80 per cent of the prison population was black and/or Puerto Rican, but it was impossible to allot 80 per cent of the key jobs to blacks and Puerto Ricans because 95 per cent of the illiterates in the prison were blacks or Puerto Ricans and 90 per cent of those with educational levels under sixth grade were blacks or Puerto Ricans. These are hard, cold facts and not the hysterical ranting and ravings of people trying to justify murder, assault and the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property. You can hardly make a teacher, file clerk, accountant or typist out of someone who can barely read, write and spell.

You can see by the above that this complaint is not valid. It is pure unadulterated bullshit.

The medical care to my knowledge was adequate. It wasn't what you'd get at the Mayo Clinic, but it was adequate.

The head doctor was a little too facetious, sarcastic, and at times insulting, but he took care of you if you were really sick. The serious cases were taken care of in outside hospitals.

The school program had its deficien-

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cies, such as a lack of textbooks, but speaking from my experience as an inmate teacher, I sincerely doubt that having all the textbooks in the world would have made any difference.

Most of the inmates enrolled in the school program were not really sincere about getting an education. They were there either because the rules required people under a certain grade level to go to school, or they were trying to impress the Parole Board or get out of work. I know. I taught school at Auburn and Attica.

More recreation was another gripe. The recreation consisted of a basketball court in every yard. In each yard no more than twenty or 25 people were interested in playing. At times there would be only one or two men playing. Other times the courts would be crowded. There were two handball courts in each yard, a television, card games, chess games, checkers and homemade concrete weights that were awkward and uneven. Each block had a football team comprised of 98 per cent blacks, two basketball teams—all black—and a softball league. From September to June there were movies once a week. At night you had three radio stations to choose from.

Let's delve into this demand of paying convict labor the minimum wage.

It costs the state at least $4,000 a year to keep a convict. Most convicts work, at the most, five hours a day. Five hours times five days equals 25 hours a week. Twenty-five hours times $1.85 equals $46.25, times 52 weeks equals $2,405 an inmate would earn in a year. If the inmate had a wife and a couple of children the taxpayers would have to pay about $3,000 in welfare for them. It doesn't take a brilliant mathematician to realize that an inmate is costing the state about $135 a week to support him and his family without the minimum wage. With the minimum wage it would cost approximately $180 a week. I believe the contention that prison labor is slave labor is completely absurd.

Charges and Complaints

What about the charges of brutality prior to the rebellion? I did not see any brutality by the guards at Attica Prison. Some people should remember that force must be met by force. If an inmate strikes a guard and then refuses to come out of his cell, he must be taken out. If that were not the case there would be no discipline—anarchy would reign, and we have recently seen the results of anarchy in prison. It isn't pretty.

Consider this: Every day of the week the guards were inside the prison with only clubs for protection and they were outnumbered, at times by as much as a hundred to one. The guards on the wall towers who had rifles could not see or hear the guards inside the prison proper. They would have been of little use in case of trouble inside. Let's face it: They were of *no* use.

There were bats, shovels, rakes etc. all over the place that the inmates could use as weapons. I ask you: Do you really believe that a guard would be stupid enough to brutalize an inmate under those conditions?

I am certainly not trying to whitewash the guards. There are a few of them who are ignorant and petty. They should be removed from their jobs because they are not qualified, either by temperament or character, to be guards.

I must stress, though, that they are a very small minority.

No, there were no black guards, but if that is claimed as a cause of the riot then why was there a riot at the Tombs in New York City? The majority of the guards at the Tombs were black. Could it be that the above is simply a far-fetched rationalization?

The complaint that the inmates are not treated with the proper respect and dignity is one that should be scrutinized closely.

First of all allow me to point out that in almost all situations in life a man will be treated like a man if he acts like one. I have found that to be true in prison too. No one gains respect unless he works at it.

If a man is constantly resentful, rude, surly, obnoxious and belligerent he will earn the respect of very few people. If a person continually breaks the rules he will certainly not earn the respect of guards. These are basic precepts of human nature and must be recognized as such.

A man either has dignity or he doesn't. If he has dignity it will show—even under the most adverse conditions—and if he doesn't have it no one can give it to him.

The rebels talked about respect for their rights and they whined, blustered, threatened, killed and destroyed when they didn't get what they felt was their due, but did they show Officer Quinn any respect when they beat his head in? Did they care anything at all about the rights of Ken Hess, Barry Schwartz or Mick Privitiera when they sentenced them to death by a kangaroo court simply because they did not agree with the rebellion? Did they show any respect for the young kids they raped during the rebellion?

We Demand!

One of the demands by the rebels was that "all New York State prisoners be allowed to be politically active without intimidation or reprisals."

Be active in what way? Is the state supposed to allow prisoners to hold meetings where they advocate the violent overthrow of the existing government? Is the state to allow meetings where racist hate talk is the principal topic of conversation? Just who the hell do these rebels think they are fooling?

I believe it is completely unfeasible even to entertain such an idea. The rebels were not talking about normal political activity, they were asking to be allowed to engage in revolutionary political activity. We have seen the results of their prior political activity—43 dead, many rapes and $4 million in destroyed property. No, I don't think this demand was reasonable.

The rebels demanded that the screens that separate the prisoner from his visitor be removed. Six months ago I would have been all for this, but after what has happened in California prisons and here, I no longer feel that the removal of the screens would be a wise move. Yes, I sure as hell would like to visit with that screen removed, but I can see why it is imperative to keep it.

The rebels also made the following demand: "Institute a three-day maximum for segregation from other prisoners rising out of any one offense."

That is ridiculous! The prisoner has to know that if he commits a serious offense while incarcerated he will be punished accordingly. That is necessary to maintain discipline and order for the safety and well-being of prisoners and guards. I do feel, though, that a man should not be arbitrarily placed in solitary without a formal hearing.

One of the rebels' demands that I do agree with is that there should be an inmate grievance committee. The lack of communication between the

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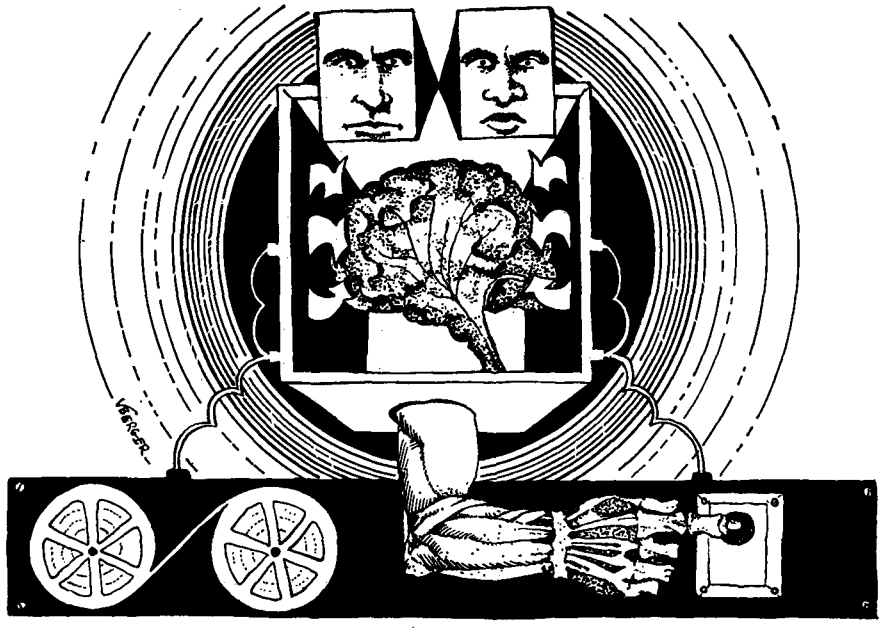

prison administration and the inmates is incredible. Each prison block should have two inmate representatives who meet monthly with the warden to air the gripes of the prison population and offer constructive criticism.

The Radicals

You have read the complaints and demands of the rebels at Attica. I leave it up to you to decide whether or not they were reasonable and whether or not conditions were oppressive enough to cause men to kill, assault and destroy.

I was there and to my way of thinking there was absolutely no valid reason for the riot, rebellion or whatever the hell you want to call it.

The rebellion was instigated and carried out by no more than 10 per cent of the prison population. They were radical political fanatics. They belonged to the Black Panthers, People's Liberation Party, Young Lords and Sam Melville's group of Commie fanatics.

Every one of those groups is avidly dedicated to the violent overthrow of all existing forms of government and law enforcement bodies in this country. I know this to be true because I have been hearing their inflammatory, racist (hatred of whites) hate rhetoric night and day for months.

Each member of the groups I mentioned can quote Mao, Lenin, Marx, Engels and Che as accurately as you can quote your home address. They wanted a rebellion for political reasons.

If you don't believe the rebellion was motivated by leftist politics ask yourself who the rebels asked for as mediators: William Kunstler, Bobby Seale and Huey P. Newton. Where did the rebels ask to be flown to? Wasn't it to a "non-imperialist country"?

Did you hear the rhetoric expounded by L. D. Barclay and others: that they were political prisoners? They voiced such opinions while they were on TV.

I really wonder whether L. D., Flip Crowley and the others were naïve enough to think they would not have been imprisoned for rape, murder, robbery etc. if they had lived under a Communist system of government. I know of no political system in the world that condones such crimes. Do you?

Behind the Walls

The next important question to be considered is whether Commissioner Oswald handled the putting down of the rebellion as it should have been handled.

Before we go any further let me remind you that we have the advantage of hindsight. We know everything that happened. Oswald did not have this advantage. The man was in a hell of a fix and had to judge the situation on a minute-by-minute basis. No matter what he did he was going to be damned by some people.

I feel that after the situation had deteriorated to the extent it had on September 13, Oswald had no alternative but to order the assault.

I do feel, though, that if he had moved in with force on the afternoon of September 9, he would have had fewer casualties, if any. But who knows?

My reason for thinking the above is because the rebels were still disorganized on the ninth, and at that time no one was dead so the rebels would not have been afraid to surrender after reasonable demands were met.

Of course that is just a guess on my part.

From the actions Mr. Oswald took during the rebellion he proved to be a man who sincerely tried to get things settled without bloodshed. Unfortunately radical beasts can't be dealt with compassionately. I emphatically believe that every concession granted the rebels strengthened their belief that they held the winning hand.

Allow me to interject a statement pertaining to Oswald's courage. There would have been no way in hell that anyone could have gotten me to enter D-block if I had been Russell Oswald. He showed great personal courage. It also took a very high brand of moral courage to order the armed assault of D-block. He was in a hell of a position and his critics had better hope and pray that they are never placed in a similar situation.

We must remember that prior to the assault by the police the rebels had murdered one guard and three inmates, they had hospitalized several other guards and had destroyed $4-million worth of property.

What hasn't come out yet, but will soon, is that the rebels brutally and repeatedly raped two young white kids (not homosexuals) at knife point. They held knives at their throats and forced them to submit to oral and anal sodomy at the same time. They also did that to several other white kids, but I know the two I write about. All of this will come out in Fischer's report, I am sure. It is a cold hard fact and it will be proven when the cases come to trial.

Yes, it is true that the rebels had some of the hostages lined up on the catwalk with knives at their throats. The rebels had voted to kill the hostages if their demands weren't granted.

I saw the hostages on the catwalk and I swear that I saw one of them get his throat cut by the rebels! Nothing will ever convince me otherwise. I saw it with my own eyes and I have 20/20 vision.

What was Oswald to believe? The

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rebels had already killed, assaulted and raped, they had destroyed over $4-million worth of property and they, themselves, swore they were going to kill the hostages if they weren't granted complete amnesty.

Oswald had no other choice but to order the assault. He was not negotiating with striking workers; he was negotiating with frenzied, fanatic beasts.

Did Oswald handle the rebellion correctly? You will have to decide for yourself, but I think he did the best he could under extremely adverse conditions. I would have had to order the prison retaken by force under the same circumstances. He certainly was compassionate and patient—maybe too compassionate, but I don't take that as a fault.

Bullies and Their Victims

Right here I want to interject some thoughts about two of the victims and some of the alleged leaders.

I really get my back up when I read some of the asinine stories that appear in newspapers. Sometimes I believe they hire fiction writers from *Mad* Magazine rather than reporters.

I read one story that said two of the cons executed by the rebels were big-time prison bookies. The two alleged prison bookies were supposed to have been Ken Hess and Mick Privitiera. I knew them both quite well and neither of them was a prison bookie nor did they have any influence at all with the rest of the inmates.

It is true that Privitiera was a cop killer, but what doesn't come out in the papers is that the poor guy's mind had deteriorated to the extent that some days he didn't even know he was in prison.

His motor reflexes were shot and his head and arms used to jerk constantly. He spent his time in the yard standing against the wall and leaping out as far as he could, or he'd walk around the yard talking to himself. The cons were constantly taunting and badgering him. If a person outside of prison was in Privitiera's condition he would be placed in a mental institution.

Anyone who says Mick Privitiera was a prison bookie needs his head examined.

The reason Privitiera was killed was that he (thinking Lord knows what) hit an inmate named John Lyons over the head with a stick. So those noble revolutionary bastards held a kangaroo court and ordered him executed! They slit his throat!

Ken Hess was a skinny, harmless, young white kid. He had a fairly big mouth but that sure as hell was no reason to slit his throat and repeatedly stab him.

Ken Hess was killed because he disagreed with the rebellion and its leaders. He tried to get a note out by one of the outside negotiators and the rebels somehow got the note. It told of the atrocities that were being committed in the D-block, galleries where the reporters and negotiators didn't get. That is why Ken Hess was executed by some whining, sniveling beasts who constantly cry that they are being deprived of their rights. Ken is dead and his body mutilated because a few rabble-rousing sons of bitches took it on themselves to kill, destroy and rape in the name of all the inmates.

They did not represent me or my friends! I am also sure that they didn't represent 90 per cent of the inmates. Although we all emphatically agree that prison reforms are necessary and want them as much as anyone—we abhor the violent actions (of all kinds) taken during the rebellion.

Those inmates you saw on TV and in the newspapers and magazines did not speak for the more rational element of the inmate population. We can speak for ourselves.

The rebels who murdered Officer Quinn, Mick Privitiera, Barry Schwartz and Ken Hess should fry in the electric chair. They should be shown the same mercy they showed their victims. They have advanced no further morally, intellectually or spiritually than the men who roamed the earth at the dawn of time.

What were the leaders of this rebellion really like? Unless you are deaf, dumb, blind or dead it is quite obvious they were monsters. We can come to that conclusion just by reading about them but I knew some of the alleged leaders personally, so I will tell how I saw them.

The *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* ran a story that claimed L. D. Barclay was a quiet, nonviolent intellectual. I knew L. D. in prison and he definitely was not quiet, certainly did show tendencies to be violent, and he sure as hell was not an intellectual!

L. D. Barclay was a bully. He was constantly trying to frighten smaller white kids into having homosexual relations with him. He would threaten to kill them if they didn't give in. I know three white kids he tried it with. Fortunately they stood up to him so he backed off.

He did advocate violence! I have personally heard him do so. One of his pet sayings was: "All honkies have a nigger phobia."

About two or three weeks before the rebellion I personally witnessed L. D. threatening a guard with bodily harm. So did forty other inmates. There was no valid reason for him to do so and if the guard hadn't handled the situation as he did, serious trouble could have started right then. Fortunately the guard was cool-headed.

L. D. was constantly yelling about racism, but he was one of the worst racists I have ever seen or heard.

He was the one who started the idea of keeping Oswald as a hostage, but he was hollered down by the other inmates. He was also the one who thought of putting the hostages on the catwalk with knives at their throats.

No, L. D. Barclay was not a quiet, peaceful young man. Unfortunately he chose to direct his talents and energies along the path of revolution and violence, and he reaped his reward: "Those who live by the sword shall die by the sword," and "Whatever a man sow, that shall he also reap."

Flip Crowley was another alleged leader of the rebellion. "Good old Flip" —"Laugh-a-minute Flip." "Brother" Flip has been in prison off and on since

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1956. I have known him since then.

Flip is the guy who made the noble statement: "If we can't live like men we can at least try to die like men." Very moving! It tears your heart out. It is too damn bad he didn't mean it.

Do you know where Brother Flip was when the police assault started? The "valiant" hero who was so ready to die for the cause was in the hospital having a "heart attack." He got out of D-block the day before the assault. Have the reporters who played him up check that one out.

Flip Crowley was an egotist and a con man of excellence beyond belief.

He got by in prison by playing both ends against the middle. He sang in the Protestant choir and sometimes read the gospel at Sunday services, but he had his head shaved, didn't eat pork and shined up to the Muslims and Panthers. By doing all that he stayed on the good side of the system, the Muslims and the Panthers. He was an out-and-out hypocrite, but a slick one.

I think Flip's egomania compelled him to participate in the rebellion. Once he saw the attention other alleged leaders were getting and saw the TV cameras Flip was hooked. He just had to become part of the show.

Jerry "The Jew" Rosenburg was a smart-talking wise guy. He was so opinionated most people didn't like to talk to him. Jerry was always screaming that his rights were denied him, but I wonder where he was when Ken Hess, Barry Schwartz and Mick Privitiera had their kangaroo court? I don't imagine he worried too much about their rights to an attorney.

Sam Melville was a militant leftist to the second of his death. He died trying to commit just one more act of violence.

I knew some of the other leaders but I disliked them too much to make an objective analysis of their character.

Reform and Rehabilitation

The subject of prison reforms mystifies me because there are so many ways penal reform could go. I am not sure what prison reforms should be made, but I know that some should be made and damn soon!

If prison reforms only are made but our judicial, parole and probation systems aren't modernized then prison reform will be of no avail.

The first thing that must be understood before any reforms are initiated is that some people are incorrigible. I hate to disillusion the liberals and the bleeding hearts but that is a fact. The incorrigible inmate should be isolated in a special prison for such people.

Prison is also a place where people from diverse ethnic, racial, economic and political backgrounds must live together and most of us would rather not have to put up with people who are constantly keeping the environment we live in in a turmoil. It is bad enough being in prison without having to be constantly in fear of your life.

Prison is a cold, sterile and abnormal environment, and no matter what frills may be added it will never rehabilitate one man! I am 100 per cent positive of that. Prisons are an absolutely necessary part of our society, but let us not deceive ourselves into believing they are places of rehabilitation.

What the hell is rehabilitation?

To me it is a man who gets so fed up with himself that he really wants to change for the better. Then and only then can a convict be helped. A convict is like an alcoholic, he can't be helped until he decides he really wants to be helped. That can't be taught! It has to come from the heart.

The best place to rehabilitate a man is on the streets, *if possible*, not in the dismal and sordid confines of a prison. Stronger emphasis should be placed on probation and parole.

The probation and parole programs as they are today are a complete farce. They could and should be wonderful tools in the implementation of the rehabilitation process. The state should make up its mind whether prisons are for punishment or rehabilitation. If they are for rehabilitation they are dismal failures. If they are for punishment they are a smashing success.

Prison life is diametrically opposed to rehabilitation. Prison makes a man an automaton.

The inmate is told when he can leave his cell, when to eat, what he can wear, what he can eat, what he can't read, whom he can write to, what time his lights have to go off, when his radio must go off, when he can go into the yard, whom he can have as visitors, what time to get up and where and at what he must work. He learns to react to the ringing of bells and the pounding of sticks as automatically as Pavlov's dog learned to salivate at the ringing of a bell.

A man in prison sees no women, no children, and sees very little tenderness and softness. These are the leavening in most men's lives—but not for the prisoner!

The very worst thing a man can be, under the present penal system, is an independent thinker. If he dares to disagree, no matter how constructive his criticism may be, he is instantly marked as a troublemaker.

After Prison . . .

All the above work against rehabilitation. They certainly aren't conducive to teaching a man how to live normally on the street. After a few years of prison life an inmate has a hell of a time adjusting to street life.

Maybe you can explain to me why we should raise a man's educational level while he is in prison when, upon his release, due to his felony conviction, his employment potential will be cut by two-thirds.

Even though a convict may raise his intellectual level to that of a college graduate he can never be a doctor, lawyer, CPA, registered nurse, pharmacist, insurance broker or agent, real-estate broker, or in most areas a teacher. He can't work 98 per cent of the places where he has to be bonded, and these include banks, finance companies, department stores, chain groceries etc. An ex-con can't work where they sell alcoholic beverages and that eliminates most hotels, restaurants and grocery stores. He can't work at places where

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he needs a government security clearance, thus eliminating many of the better factory jobs, and he can't work at most civil-service jobs.

From my own personal experience I don't believe prisons are the only cause of the high recidivist rate. I believe the extralegal punishment a man is faced with upon his release is a primary factor. He has paid his debt to society yet he remains (in many ways) a second-class citizen for the rest of his life. Why? Why should a man be constantly frustrated by such asinine rules?

Not having a felony conviction doesn't mean a man is honest and having a felony conviction doesn't mean a man will remain dishonest for the rest of his life.

Every day mayors, politicians, lawyers, doctors, even police break the law, and their having had a clean record did not prevent them from doing so.

Extralegal punishment should be abolished. If this is done a man can leave prison with some hope of bettering his situation in life. As things now stand most ex-cons feel they are licked before they start.

We have put the cart before the horse! There is no need to educate a man if we are going to place legal restrictions on what he can do with the education he receives.

I grant you that there are many ex-cons who would not strive to reach higher levels of attainment no matter how favorable their situation might be, but there are many of us who aspire to become something in life and are severely hindered from doing so by extralegal punishment.

One Solution

The penal code should be so revised that no man convicted of a nonviolent crime would serve more than two years in prison. If the purpose of incarceration is rehabilitation, then serving more than two years for a nonviolent crime is self-defeating. More than two years in prison makes it tremendously hard to adjust to life outside of prison. Believe me, they are two entirely different worlds!

If our penal systems are to succeed in returning honest, contributing citizens to the streets, citizens who will make constructive contributions to the society they live in, they must give them something more to motivate them than simply staying out of prison. That might sound odd or paradoxical to you, but it isn't. Keep in mind that 98 per cent of the people who commit a crime don't believe they will get caught. Because criminals do think that way, the length of the sentence very seldom deters them from crime.

We should use a merit system that allows the convict to earn first-class citizenship again.

You are probably asking yourself what can be done with murderers, robbers, assaulters and such.

As far as murderers go that is a moot point, because they seem to have the most success at staying out of trouble once they are released. Murder, unless the murderer is psychotic, is usually a one-time thing. Of course the public's fear of the murderer has to be considered too.

My suggestion is that people who are sent to prison for crimes of violence should be strictly observed, then evaluated semi-annually by a board consisting of two psychiatrists, the inmate's shop foreman, the hall captain of his block and his institutional teacher, if any. An *in-depth* record of his attitude, work performance, educational attainments and relationship to his family should be kept. He should be interviewed monthly by a trained counselor or a psychologist and he should be shown exactly what he can attain if he puts forth the proper effort.

After three years he should be eligible to be *considered* for living in a halfway house where he can live under normal conditions.

If he serves two good years at the halfway house he should then be placed under parole supervision and allowed to live an even more normal life and live at a residence of his own. If he can do five consecutive years on parole he would no longer have to report.

This program would leave it entirely to the convict as to how much time he would serve behind the walls. It would do away with intense bitterness and resentment plus it would give the long-term convict some hope for the future. It would also give him incentive to make a greater effort to better himself in life because under the system I propose he could see the possibility of doing so.

What do we do with the incorrigibles? We do the only thing possible: We isolate them in a maximum-security prison until such time as they can prove to a board of psychiatrists that they are worthy to be considered for more progressive penal programs.

Maybe the programs I have proposed are impractical (I don't believe they are), but it seems as though they should be considered. After years and years of failure something has to be done.

I would like to clear up a couple of myths that always seem to pop up whenever the subject of penal reform is mentioned.

The first misconception is that the older cons teach the newcomers about crime. That very seldom happens!

In the first place 75 per cent of the inmate population have been to county jail or reformatory before they get to state prison so there isn't a hell of a lot they could be taught if an old-timer was so inclined. Secondly most young inmates gravitate to other young inmates. I am forty and I can't stand most of these young cons for more than ten minutes at a time.

There are many tales about the parole board, but although I believe it should be structured differently and utilized more efficiently I must admit that I have been treated fairly by them. As a matter of fact, the more I think about it, the more I realize how fair they were. I can't speak for others, I can only tell how I have been treated.

Attica Aftermath

I imagine that when a lot of people read that most of the people who actually participated in the Attica rebellion belonged to paramilitary, Marxist-oriented groups they thought: "Not again!" I know that I used to feel that way when I read that something was attributed to Marxists. I don't anymore.

Let me tell you, as one who has seen it and heard it over the last few months, the radical political activity in this prison was unbelievable.

The radical political groups in Attica were extremely well-organized and the leaders from the different groups met in the sociology class in school.

The teacher of the sociology class was a 23-year-old Marxist radical. How can I be so sure he was a Marxist? Because he tried to recruit me for his group. They wanted all the inmate teachers in one or another of the radical groups. They never managed to get more than 25 per cent—if that. Most of us thought they were nuts.

When I first returned to prison on May 18, 1971 and I saw and heard

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all the radical political activity I was amazed. What really amazed me was when I saw the karate classes in the yard. I still can't believe it.

The radical groups would loudly rant and rave all kinds of Marxist revolutionary dogma. They would openly talk of offing the pigs and of taking over the joint if things didn't go their way.

Things really got uptight after George Jackson got killed in Soledad.

One afternoon the radicals came into the yard and passed the word that everyone was to wear black on their arms and not to eat the next day, as a memorial tribute to George Jackson.

I asked them what the hell George Jackson ever did for me that I should pay tribute to him. Wow! About ten Panthers ranted and raved for twenty minutes. I thought they would do me in, but I guess they thought I must be crazy so they left me alone.

The next morning a lot of black guys had black around their arms and some white guys, but most of us ate.

The noon meal was different. The black militants spread the word during the morning that no one had better eat or talk in the mess hall. A few of us whites decided we were going to eat, but when we got to the mess hall the servers weren't serving so we didn't eat. To be honest I was glad they were not serving because that took the decision out of my hands.

No one said a word—not a guard and not an inmate! There was complete silence. It was the weirdest damned thing I have ever been a part of!

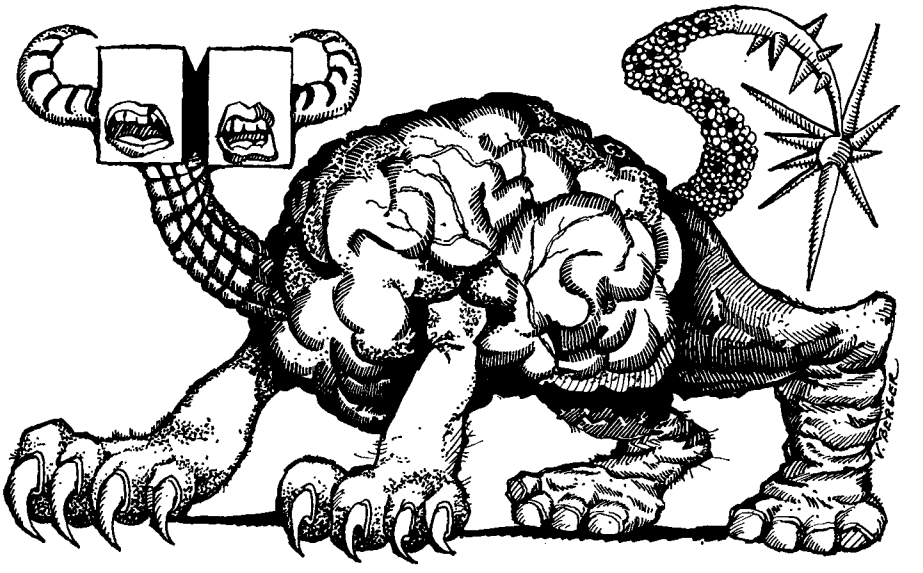
That afternoon a couple of blacks tried to convince me that the state of California had deliberately killed three guards so they could set George Jackson up to be killed. They just couldn't see why I was too stupid to realize that there was a fascist plot to commit genocide of all blacks and poor whites.

You may find it hard to believe all this, but you must remember that these people were extremely receptive to Marxist rhetoric.

It is only human nature to rationalize one's bad conduct. By claiming to be political prisoners and victims of capitalistic oppression they could convince themselves they had nothing to be ashamed of for committing crimes. It didn't matter that they might have committed rape, murder, assault etc., they had an excuse: "the oppressive system." They brainwashed themselves and it felt so good to blame the system for their own transgressions, they got carried away. They really believed it!

They could quote from their bibles by Marx, Seale, Malcolm X, Mao etc., but you couldn't get an original thought from any of them. They were like broken records. I know because I argued with them for months. Their pet saying about people who argued for law and order was: "You are programed by the system." I have never seen a group of people who were programed as much like talking robots as the radical element at Attica.

I can have no pity for Bobby Seale, Eldridge Cleaver, Hoffman etc. Read their books and analyze the weak crap they put forth as rationalizations for murder, rape, assault, robbery and inciting riot. Anyone who can swallow that BS sure as hell must be gullible.



I know all about excuses because I have been using them to justify my wrong-doings for years, but it is only recently that they stopped being an opiate to me. I finally realized that no one was at fault but me. It hurts, it hurts like hell when the roof caves in and you finally realize you have no one to blame but yourself. But that is the start.

Most people place the responsibility for rehabilitating a prisoner on the Correction Department and its personnel, when in reality the sole responsibility for a person altering his life and attitudes rests on the individual.

It is my opinion that we make too much fuss about rehabilitation programs. If lack of education or not having a trade is the cause of crime then why are only a small per cent of the total number of such people criminals?

I believe it is time we started to teach and advocate such virtues as self-discipline, integrity, altruism, self-respect etc. to prisoners. These are the aspects of their lives where they went wrong.

We should demand more effort to better themselves and less effort complaining about their lot in life. When the prisoner stops indulging in self-pity and rationalization about his conduct, then—and only then—can he start to build a better life.

The trouble with our society today is that we are constantly trying to find ways to excuse criminal conduct, also immoral conduct.

Hell, it is no longer shameful for a married woman to be sexually promiscuous. In some circles it is thought to be the remedy for a bad marriage.

We have legalized abortion. There is a strong movement afoot to legalize marijuana. Where the hell does it end?

I just read this over and it got me to wondering just what the devil we all learned from this rebellion and its aftermath, and I was amazed to find that I have more questions about some things now than I ever had before.

Is mankind really so far removed from his primitive ancestry? Is the civilized veneer that covers our lust for savage and brutal action as thin as it seems to be after what I have seen occur at Attica? Are some men really animals? I wonder. I don't want to believe it but after all this I am compelled to do so.

Is there an all-loving and merciful

(Continues on page 363)

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Japan in the World

Letter from Asia **ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN**

Not even Britain is as remotely insular as Japan. The Channel may be the greatest cultural-psychological divider in the fabric of the Western world, but it has never prevented a lively interchange. For Japan, however, concourse with China was always hazardous; relations with Korea, strained. Moreover, the very fact of Japan's homogeneity and stability has added to her isolation. The British Isles with their English, Scottish, Irish and Welsh components have always had a heterogeneity whereas Japan has become virtually uniform.

The Japanese are both hierarchy-conscious and given to close collaboration. In this and in many other respects they resemble the English. Socially they look "up" and "down," but they also glance sideways. The society is paternalistic (in politics, no less than in industry and business) and there is, if not exactly a brotherly feeling, certainly a collective bent, a reasoned and calculated fellowship—great assets in an industrial civilization. At the same time the Japanese is not easy-going. He does not readily establish contacts because he is reserved, sometimes timid, and given to *Weltschmerz*. Alcohol plays an important part in breaking down barriers; and under the influence of sake and other spirits, (many of which cost less than a cup of coffee) an almost embarrassing friendliness develops. In Japan there is nothing shameful about intoxication.

But, just as volcanoes erupt suddenly on the gentle landscape and earthquakes reduce entire cities to heaps of rubble, the veneer of self-control can crack and reveal an unexpected fury bordering on the hysterical. The savage student riots are one example and I myself have witnessed unbelievable losses of temper. This is a recurrent theme in films and in the classic drama.

The exterior control is largely the result of Confucian traditions (Confucianism is a behavior pattern and not a religion) and the teachings of Buddhism (in its pure form a philosophy rather than a religion). The philosophic self-discipline is reinforced by a certain pervasive sadness, a mournful resignation (*shikata nai*—it can't be helped—is a recurrent phrase) that forms a curious contrast to the prevailing mania for hard work, gain and material success. It should be mentioned in parenthesis that the syllabic Japanese "alphabet," the *Iroha* of the *Kanas*, is arranged in such a way, thanks to the ingeniousness of a ninth-century Buddhist monk, that it can be memorized as a poem: "All is transitory in a fleeting world. There is no escape from its illusions and vanities." These characteristics, in conjunction with the industrial-financial boom, only accentuate the present dichotomy in Japan.

What makes this new Japan tick? The phenomenal increase in the Gross National Product is not necessarily reflected by higher personal incomes. The emphasis, rather, is on creating a profound and lasting, psychological as well as material, bond between employee and employer. Fringe benefits (hospitalization, housing, vacations, training etc.) are quite substantial for the comparatively low wages (young executives average $300 to $400 a month). Another major factor is the *bonasu* (bonus), ordinarily issued twice a year but never expressly mentioned in the labor contract. It usually amounts to several months' salary and actually assumes the nature of a share in the profits. (Most advertising in early summer and before Christmas is directed at the forthcoming *bonasu*.)

Japan's industry depends on foreign markets. In addition to the United States (its largest importer), it must develop closer economic relations with its Far Eastern neighbors and with the rest of the world, to put an end to its *human* isolation. I took part in a magnificent dinner given in celebration of the 26th anniversary of the Foreign Press Association in Tokyo. Many Japanese couples were present and it was heartening to find a warm social relationship between the races. Skits, of a political nature, were acted out, with newsmen from East and West brilliantly impersonating various statesmen and politicians. The stage Nixons, Kissingers, Satos, Chou En-lais and Maos created storms of laughter. The *shokku*, i.e., the triple shock caused by the 10 per cent import charge, the weakness of the dollar and the news of Nixon's forthcoming visit to China (all of which shook Asia badly) was dealt with in every aspect. But this kind of meeting is the exception.

Contacts with the outside world constitute a real psychological problem and most Japanese know it. Because this is so, the government, in cooperation with big companies, has established an International Institute for Study and Training (IIST) about two hours from Tokyo at the foot of Mount Fuji. This scholarly and educational institution is designed to prepare young businessmen (their average age is 28) for human and technical relations with the global business world. There are more than 120 trainees; the annual fee for the course (including a "Euramerican" field trip) is about $10,000—and a not inconsiderable part of the intensive training in this luxurious and yet almost monastic establishment is devoted to Western languages which pose enormous phonetic difficulties for the Japanese.

The *Mombusho* (Ministry of Education) is largely responsible for the mumbo-jumbo "English" taught in so many Japanese schools. One of the most intriguing classes I attended at IIST consisted of a demonstration of a business firm's formal committee meeting, staged (rather humorously) by the European-American professors. The procedure is totally alien to the Japanese; their habit is to let weighty decisions mature gradually, not to entrust them to the rough and ready method of taking votes as in the West, but to arrive at a homogeneous consent gradually, aided by endless cups of tea.

A leading specialist on Japan is of the opinion that, once the flood of Japanese tourists reaches the Western world, the boldness, frankness and rudeness of Europeans and Americans will thoroughly repel them; he feels that this uncomfortable experience may become an important factor in a return to national values—if not to a new nationalism. Certainly my days at Kamiide, the postgraduate school for business administration, made clear to me that the world in which Japan is living remains an alien one. □

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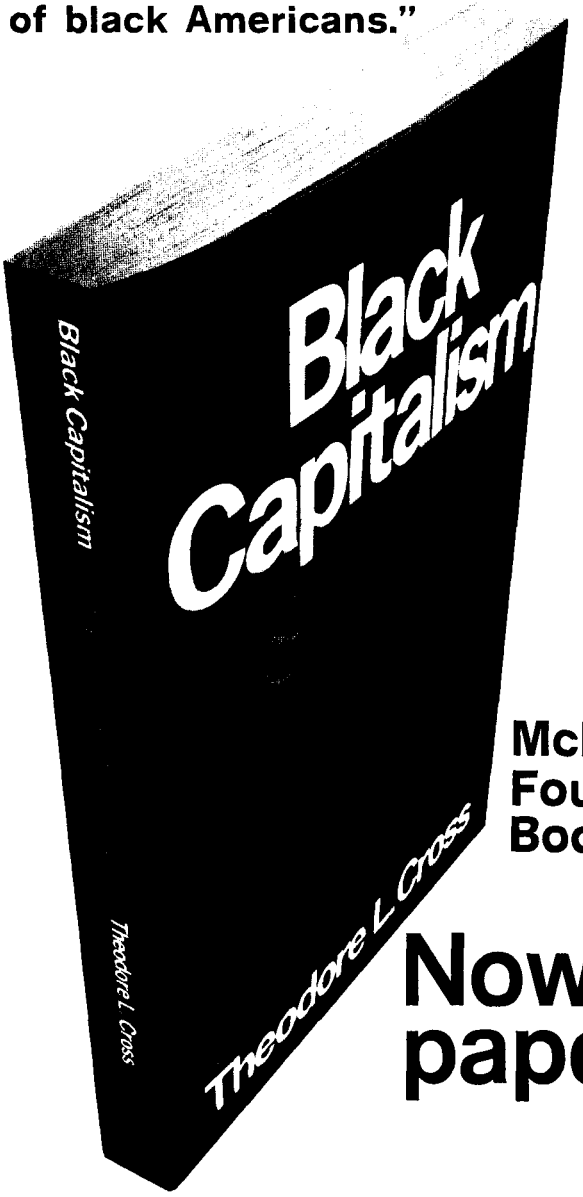
"I say 'Watch out' for those gatekeepers in our society who now say to black people 'Fellows, capitalism is not for you. Stay out of the big game. You will only go to the cleaners.' I say 'Watch out' because those who are looking so assiduously after your interests are also busy perfecting a new reading machine that will abolish a quarter of a million key punch operator jobs only recently won by your brothers and sisters. And do not fail to note that those who now would separate you from capital also happen to be the grandchildren of ancient protectors who, fifty years ago, told Negros in the south to tend to their jobs in the cotton fields and not to worry about trying to own some of the machines that put them out of work."

"And so I say, 'Keep your eye on the machine!' The question of who controls or gets income from the instruments of capital* can be ignored only at the greatest peril to the economic progress of black Americans."

—from the author's preface

*The President's Office of Economic Opportunity reports that blacks in America own about $382 per family in all financial and capital assets as against $5,924 for the average white family.



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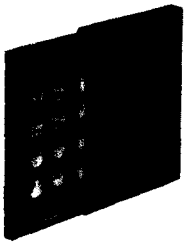

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LETTER FROM TEL AVIV

How the Israelis See It

MAX GELTMAN

NIXON HAS KEPT every promise to Israel," a high foreign ministry official told me the day Senator Kennedy was winding up a two-day visit to the Holy Land. Since that day I have had occasion to talk with many leading personalities in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and the occupied territories, with people in kibbutzim, with the man (and woman) on the street, with army privates and officers, tourists (Jewish and Christian), with men high in the Establishment, and with leading members of the loyal opposition in the Knesset (Israel's parliament). And if a consensus can be arrived at from my conversations it is this:

The only formidable barrier to peace in the Middle East is the Soviet Union —not Egypt, or Egypt in alliance with any of her immediate friends and allies in the Arab world. But the Russians, it is repeated (as if speaking to a dull schoolboy), are America's problem, basically, not Israel's. And so long as the United States is headed by a President with a strong anti-Communist record, they feel reassured, although they cannot quite grasp Secretary Rogers' diplomacy which seems to them a suicidal effort by Washington to impose a precarious "peace" on Israel by offering —as a gift—the Suez Canal to Soviet ambitions in the area.

The foreign ministry spokesman continues: "There has never been an American President who has done so much for Israel—the half-billion dollars in credits, for example—as has Nixon. Every claim we have made on him—every commitment made by his Administration—has been honored to the full."

"But what about the Phantoms?" I ask. "And why do most leading spokesmen for American Jewry find him so antipathetic?"

The official stares at the ceiling for a moment, turns to look out the window, revolves his chair toward me, smiles, and says: "The first question—about the Phantoms—I can answer. We need more Phantoms, we need them for your sake as much as for our sake, but most important, we need them to assure the continued tranquility along the borders. It is not peace, but it is almost as good as peace. There is no shooting. Oh, a flareup now and then, but it—is—not—war," he lets the last words sink in slowly. "But once there is a dangerous imbalance of forces, especially in terms of air power, then Sadat may risk a foolish adventure. It may even be that he will risk such an adventure because he believes that the fifteen-year agreement with Brezhnev and the twenty to thirty thousand Russian technicians, soldiers, officers, pilots—the billions of dollars of military equipment—are to do with as he wishes. You know," he adds by way of aside, "even Nasser never had too high an opinion of him. He called him a noncommissioned yesman."

I INTERJECT: "Do you think that there is now—as we talk—such an imbalance of arms in favor of the Arabs?" He answers slowly, weighing his words: "Not a *dangerous* imbalance," he emphasizes, "but that there has developed an imbalance, there is no doubt. That is why we must have more Phantom jets now."

"Do you think you will get them?"

"I am sure we will. President Nixon knows the nature of international Communism better than most men high in public life. And he knows that Israel is, and will remain, the staunchest ally in defense of peace and freedom in the whole Mediterranean area."

A day or two before, I had a lengthy conversation with an officer in the Israeli army—a major in terms of our ranking. Tall, tan, soft-spoken, knowledgeable—especially about American sports (he told me the latest standing of the baseball clubs)—he also told me why the Golan Heights cannot ever be negotiated away in any future peace agreements with Israel's neighbors (the fear of diverting the headwaters of the Jordan so that Israel would revert to desert land is real and forbidding here); why the Suez Canal is not really an Israeli problem—nor even an Egyptian problem (it is an American problem); why Israel's presence on Sharm el Sheik is necessary to her security, etc. When I asked him about Jerusalem, he countered with, "What about Jerusalem, what about Jerusalem," seeming, for a split second, to have lost his military bearing, but he soon resumed his quiet conversational tone, saying, "That question was settled for us by the Lord above—and, by Gertrude Stein: Jerusalem is Jerusalem is Jerusalem, period."

It is Yom Kippur eve. I am dining at the home of one of Israel's leading businessmen of King David Street in Tel Aviv. It is early evening. Kol Nidre, the prayer that ushers in the awesome day of worship and fasting, begins in the city's (and nation's) synagogues at 5:15 sharp, after which not a bus will run, not a store will be open, not a taxi will cruise the streets; the radio and television will fall silent and unseen; the airport at Lod will be shut down for the next 24 hours as will every public conveyance. Outside one hears only the subdued voices of men and women and children going to—and from—the various places of worship. Later, throngs will be out on the streets strolling. Inside, the holiday dinner over, we sit on a spacious balcony overlooking the city, and we talk. What do we talk about? About Russia and America and the Arabs. My host smiles—a slow, gentle and bemused smile. He dismisses the Arabs' threat to his—and his family's—existence. By family, he adds, he means every citizen in Israel. "We are a family, reunited, that has come home," is the way he puts it, although he has lived in Israel for 42 years and his children and grandchildren are all native-born—Sabras. The Russians? "They're *your* problem," he emphasizes, "America's problem, and Nixon is not so foolish as to hand over to the greatest enemies of freedom and the West the entire Middle East, the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, all for a bit of Arabian oil."

My host is in the oil business, it turns out. He plies me with information about the pipeline now carrying Mideast oil (cheaply) from the Gulf of Eilat (Aqaba) to Ashkelon; he tells me about the new overland shipping route from Ashdod to Eilat for the transshipment of hard goods by trucks, thereby eliminating the long, costly water route around the Cape of Good Hope. He is full of statistics on growth and promise and future developments, and when I ask him about a peace settlement he

Mr. Geltman is Associate Editor of the Jewish intellectual quarterly, Ideas.

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says: "But we have peace, haven't we? Can you imagine any other nation surrounded by so many enemies declaring a whole day—a full 24 hours—of inner peace not caring what the rambling radio is sputtering in all the languages of the world, only we aren't listening—not on Yom Kippur; sending out *picktchelach* [little pictures] on the television—only we aren't looking; a nation at peace with itself because it is at peace with its neighbors."

SUDDENLY I recall the remarks of a scholar at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. I had asked him about the need to negotiate a treaty of agreement with the Arabs when he interrupted—rather abruptly—and said that all politicians were evil, especially those heading up the government of Israel. "We need peace—peace above all. We need a peace policy, not a war policy." Would he give up the Old City? "Give up what? The Old City? In the first place there is no *old* city, no *new* city, there is only Jerusalem. Shall we return the henhouse to the chicken hawk? Shall we destroy what we have rebuilt in order to help the enemy continue depredations so rudely interrupted by our brave young men? Shall we . . . ?" At this point I interrupted him: "But what about the crying need for peace—peace at any price."

"I never said that," he suddenly flares at me. "Peace has nothing to do with Jerusalem. Peace is a quality of mind and spirit," he concludes triumphantly.

Said my friend, an intellectual, at Nof Yam, a suburb of Herzlia, a man who lives at peace with his books (thousands of them) and his environment which he helped to build and who is now retired: "Trotsky was right—neither war nor peace. That's the condition we're in now, and who knows? Sadat said it took the Arabs three hundred years to drive the Crusaders from Palestine. That, I think, is just about the time we'll need. But don't get me wrong. We need peace—a just peace, a peace, as Nixon says, with honor. But even more important than that is a peace with security, although I couldn't feel more secure right now in any other part of the world. The Russians? If Nixon doesn't know what they are up to, God help us all, but most of all, God help America!"

Then there was the man at the new art gallery amidst the rubble of the old Jewish quarter in Old Jerusalem—a section completely dynamited out of existence when Jordan held that part of the city. He tells me he is an artist trying to recapture the atmosphere of the place. "I must somehow—before the reconstruction which the UN objects to is completed—try to put on canvas the feeling of wanton devastation of an area that once housed so many Jews and Yeshivas and synagogues." His words are lost in the noise of crowds descending on the West Wall, the grinding of cement mixers and his own anguish. One hears only the curse words which he spits out at the members of the Security Council gathered to indict Israel before the United Nations—once again.

His anger is later picked up by my friend, a distinguished American sculptor now living with his non-Jewish wife in Jerusalem. His name is Aaron and he has settled in a magnificent house in the Emek Refaim area to work, to live and to be near his departed ancestors in the ancient Hebrew city of Hebron. Says Aaron: "I wouldn't return a grain of sand. Did you see what the savages did in Old Jerusalem?" His wife, even more zealous of Israel's survival, interrupts to tell him not to get excited, to watch is health. She says: "In the peace and quiet we live in [she, too, is an artist, her interests centered on turning out beautiful tapestries on a huge handloom in her studio]; amidst the friends we've made; in this beautiful corner of the earth—in this Judean wilderness which the Jews have returned to civilization, we are asked to give up this, give up that, and never once, not even from our friends, do we hear of the depredations of the previous regime in this most holy and beautiful of cities. To divide it again with barbed wire is the talk of barbarians. It is disgusting. Even the *Times* . . ." A loud growl from Aaron: "Don't mention that rag in this house."

But isn't there a peace movement here among intellectuals, professors, students and the like? There is, especially among certain academics. They talk of the need for peace as if by some magic incantation, the mere repetition of the word "peace," the hardest hearts in the Security Council will be softened. Asked what they would do if they took over the negotiations they invariably answer that they are not politicians. Aside from these gentle dissenters, Israel has its hard core of peaceniks, appeasers and traitors—not Arab traitors, but good Jewish traitors. "After all," says my friend Victor in Tel Aviv, "we are a normal nation now. We have pimps, prostitutes, thieves and Communists. We have Black Panthers who aren't black and a Cosa Nostra chieftain without a family. They, especially the Panthers, are largely the creatures of our television which," he adds, "tries desperately to be as stupid as yours. And since we like to imitate everything that is happening in the United States, on a smaller scale, naturally, we even borrow some of your foolishness, although God knows we have enough of our own to last for at least three generations. But we'll survive. In fact, we'll survive with Phantoms and even without them. Not that we don't need more of your fine jets, but if we make less noise about *needing* them badly—a matter of life or death—we'll get them. I trust Nixon."

"I'm not worried about the Phantoms," he recapitulates, "but our Matzpeniks [a militant New Left group much admired by Noam Chomsky of MIT] and their intellectual advisers, and the traitors who went to Moscow [an allusion to a group of local Communists, fanatics and malcontents who recently visited Moscow at the Russians' invitation], these I would lock up tonight, throw away the key and permit them only one letter a week to comrade Brezhnev—or U Thant—telling how awful prison conditions are in the land of the Zionist imperialist puppets. Yes, I would let them write and protest—from jail. After all," he concludes with a wink, "we *are* the only living, breathing democracy in the Middle East."

Victor is putting me on a bit as we sit at a café overlooking the blue Mediterranean—damn it, it is blue!—on the eve of Rosh Hashana (the New Year), the same day Al Fatah claims a "major" military victory over the Israelis. It seems, we learn from the radio, that a young Arab in the Old City of Jerusalem has thrown a hand grenade into a crowd on the Via Dolorosa, killing one little Arab girl, blinding another, wounding at least a dozen more and discomfiting a group of American Baptists from Corpus Christi, Texas, all in order to make an impression on the United Nations which was due to begin the annual ritual of denouncing Israel. And it was this cruel incident in the former Old City of the new, reunited,

(*Continues on page 360*)

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A DISSENT

Canada and Australia, two other federal nations, have had revenue sharing for the better part of the century. It has worked there. It can work here. These are the reasons why

Yes, to Revenue Sharing

JAMES A. MAXWELL

In the July 13, 1971 issue of the NATIONAL REVIEW, William G. Fredericks opposes revenue sharing on several grounds, two of which are that its adoption would 1) erode federalism by accelerating federal dominance over state and local governments, and 2) violate the principle of financial responsibility which holds that governmental decisions to spend should be matched with decisions to raise the necessary revenue.

Surely it is paradoxical to find that proponents of revenue sharing, from Walter Heller to President Nixon, declare their main aim is to strengthen federalism by reinvigorating state and local governments. President Nixon in his 1971 State of the Union Message said:

> The time has come for a new partnership in which we entrust the states and localities with a larger share of the nation's responsibilities, and in which we share our federal revenues with them so that they can meet those responsibilities. To achieve this goal, I propose to the Congress tonight that we enact a plan of revenue sharing. . . .

Since the United States has no experience with general revenue sharing, appeal to historical evidence is not possible. Two other federal nations, however, have had experience. Canada started with general revenue sharing in 1867, and Australia, in 1900. In both nations fears were expressed at the outset (and for years after) which are now echoed in the United States. The Prime Minister of Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, said in 1905: "It is a sound principle of finance and a still sounder principle of government, that those who have the duty of expending the revenue of a country should also be saddled with the responsibility of

levying and raising it." The Commonwealth Treasurer of Australia, Earle Page, said in 1927: "The government considers that the vicious principle of one authority raising taxation for another authority to spend should be terminated at the earliest possible date." Nowadays not even an echo of such verbiage can be heard. The system of revenue sharing (unconditional grants) is acknowledged by all political parties to be a force that strengthens federalism. The old adage that he who pays the piper calls the tune is recognized to be irrelevant; the old dispute looks like a fossil of history. And yet in the United States the old dispute has shown an unexpected capacity to promote controversy.

The experience of Canada and Australia has significance for the United States because these two countries are "natural" federalisms. They are large and diverse nations in which some *variation* in the type and level of many civilian governmental services, especially those provided directly to individual citizens, is in the national interest. Federal administration would be both inflexible and wasteful in the face of diverse needs. Reservations concerning details aside, the main thrust of general revenue sharing is in the direction of decentralization.

In 1971 President Nixon proposed not only *general* revenue sharing, but also *special* revenue sharing by which he meant consolidation of some 130 categorical grants into six groups: law enforcement, manpower training, urban community development, rural community development, education and transportation. Very many congressional leaders (including Representatives Wilbur Mills and John Byrnes of the Ways and Means Committee) have in *principle* endorsed special revenue sharing and then qualified their endorsements by criticizing the make-up or composition of the six groups. This attitude will, almost surely, be fatal to congressional action because it will be utilized by pressure groups to support and protect narrow categorical grants.

In Canada and Australia categorical grants have been viewed with suspicion as biased toward centralization.

In a federalism, functions of government and sources of revenue are divided between the Federal Government on the one hand, and state and local governments on the other. This division allows the Federal Government to handle its functions *uniformly* over the nation; it leaves the states free to handle their functions with considerable *variation* from state to state according to differences in citizen needs and pref-

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Mr. Maxwell taught finance at Clark University for many years. His latest book is Commonwealth-State Financial Relations in Australia.

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erences. Similarly, each level of government is free to construct and adapt its own revenue system. If the division of functions and revenues, federal and state-local, is satisfactory, the federalism will be fortunate. "Dual" federalism will work, and each level will find that its ability to handle its set of functions coincides with its ability to collect the needed revenues. Inevitably, however, the division will get out of date. An imbalance will develop between the situation of the Federal Government and that of all the states. This will be tolerable when the recognized governmental functions are neither numerous nor expensive, and when, as a result, every level of government has some acceptable sources of revenue open to it. But when, as now, extensive and expensive programs are in operation, and when, especially at the state-local level, elastic and equitable revenues are hard to find, the federalism is in trouble.

The trouble is compounded by the unequal fiscal strength of the states because then the imbalance has a differential impact. Governments in poor states cannot, with equal effort, provide levels of service equal to those of the rich states. For some services, as will be discussed, an appropriate remedy is to be found in the conditional grant; for others, however, the appropriate remedy is revenue sharing.

Three remedies for imbalance are available: 1) Federal responsibilities can be increased by direct takeover of services previously in state-local hands. This is centralization, an unacceptable remedy to me and to Mr. Fredericks, which will not be considered here. 2) Tax sources can be moved from the federal to the state-local level. 3) Federal grants-in-aid, conditional and unconditional, can be utilized.

Taxes and Credits

Little doubt can exist that the Federal Government is a better tax-collector of most taxes than are state and local governments. Most certainly it is a better collector of income tax. And yet the opinion persists (Mr. Fredericks is a believer) that a tax credit against the federal individual income tax would be a more satisfactory form of financial relief to state and local governments than revenue sharing. The most serious in a long series of proposals is that of Rep. John W. Byrnes, ranking Republican on the House Ways and Means Committee. By his bill (HR 8193) individuals would be allowed to credit against their federal liability up to 20 per cent of their payments of state-local income tax. For states *with* income taxes the first effect of such a credit would be to reduce the federal liability for individuals. If, for example, the federal tax of John Doe in New York was $1,000 and the state tax $100 —a total of $1,100—the 20 per cent credit would reduce his federal tax to $980 and his total income tax to $1,080. In order to gain revenue the state would have to increase its tax. An increase of the state tax on John Doe from $100 to $120 would leave his total tax unchanged at $1,100.

The nine or ten states *without* income taxes would have to enact them in order to gain a credit. Some of them could not act without a constitutional amendment (which would be slow); some might inveigh against federal coercion; some might hail the credit as a bonanza, costless in the aggregate to their taxpayers, since the amount of the new state tax would be matched by the reduced amount of federal tax liabilities. *Pace* all these incertitudes, as well as other more technical flaws which cannot be exposed here. The issue on which to focus is: What would the Byrnes (or any similar) credit do, financially, for state and local governments which now have income taxes?

If all of them picked up fully the 20 per cent credit, their revenue gain in 1970 would have been $2.5 billion. The gains, however, are very unequal. States which are strong users of individual income taxation, e.g., New York and Hawaii, would have gained $38.60 and $33.20 per capita; states which are weak users, e.g., Mississippi and Maine, would have gained $4.66 and $4.84 per capita. But what if Mississippi made an income-tax effort equal to that of New York (effort being measured as state-local collections as a per cent of state personal income)? New York in 1970 raised $137 per capita; Mississippi, with similar effort, would have raised $77 per capita for which its tax credit would have been $15.60 per capita (compared to a credit of $38.60 per capita for New York). If Mississippi tried to raise as much per capita as New York through state-local individual income taxation, it would have to make an income-tax effort greater by 80 per cent.

The conclusion to be drawn is simple and obvious. An income-tax credit, whatever its merits, would do little for governments in "poor" states. The gap in financial strength between them and the richer states would be widened. The credit is *not*, therefore, an alternative or substitute for revenue sharing.

Permanent Grants?

The Federal Government has been a prolific donor of categorical grants. In a dynamic federalism which, over time, becomes economically integrated, services once wholly of state concern take on some national characteristics and justify federal intervention. Conditional grants offered a method by which provision of such services is left in the hands of state-local governments, and yet these governments are induced to lift the quantity and improve the quality of the provision.

At present the opinion is widespread that categorical grants have been overutilized; the amount spent on them rose from $7.9 billion in 1950 to $24.4 billion in 1970, and the number grew from 160 to more than five hundred. Growth in their complexity, while not quantifiable, has surely outpaced the growth in numbers. A formidable information gap has been created because state and local officials cannot know what is available; "gamesmanship" has been stimulated, and this enables the alert rather than the deserving government to secure federal money. The Federal Government, misled by its superior fiscal power and by a centralist bias, has substituted its preferences for those of the states. It has distorted the pattern of state-local spending by imposing controls that were too detailed and also inappropriate to the diversity of state-local needs. Expanded use of categorical grants is not, therefore, an acceptable remedy for the fiscal imbalance of the American federalism, and yet pressure for expansion will be unremitting until it is relieved by revenue sharing.

Numerous state and local services in which there is no significant national interest do not receive federal grants and this is as it should be, since federal conditions and rules with respect to them would be worse than useless. Federal rules must be *uniform* across the nation in an effort to establish minimum standards of performance. The Federal Government cannot devise and apply *different* standards from state to state, and yet, for many services, different standards are appropriate. Diversity in

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performance is necessary because needs are diverse.

Those services which do not, and should not, receive conditional grants are, let it be emphasized, important to state and local governments. When the level and the quality of performance are low—as is surely the case in some states simply because of fiscal poverty—the remedy is to be found in revenue sharing by which grants without strings are distributed to state and local governments on a basis which is somewhat revenue equalizing. That is, the amounts allotted to a poor state ought to be in excess of federal revenue collection from it to finance the grant, and, conversely, the amount allotted to a rich state ought to be less. *How much* revenue equalization should be provided is an intricate and controversial question concerning which reasonable men will differ. The scheme recommended by the Administration—allocation by states mainly on the basis of population so that the per capita grant of each state is equal—is somewhat equalizing because the revenue for the grant, raised by a progressive federal tax system, comes disproportionately from rich states. When the Federal Government collects $1 in taxes from the average resident of the nation, it collects more than this—approximately $1.48—from the average resident of Connecticut, and less than this—approximately 46 cents—from the average resident of Mississippi. Allocation of the grant on the basis of population has also the merit of objectivity; the *share* of the aggregate grant for each state is determinate.

A feature of the Administration scheme which draws the fire of Mr. Fredericks is that the money for revenue sharing is to be provided through a "permanent appropriation." This will, he declares, limit congressional discretion with respect to annual budgeting and "result in permanent diminution of the Congress' role as a counterbalance to the Executive." The clause quoted has a touch of hysteria. The intent of a "permanent appropriation" is to give some automaticity to annual provision of the grants: The Treasury Department would not have to go annually to the Office of Management and Budget asking for an appropriation for revenue sharing, and OMB, in turn, would not have to go to the Appropriations committees. Surely it is reasonable that the fifty states and thousands of local governments be given assurance of provision of their annual grants. But any Administration can recommend, and any Congress can enact, *legislation* modifying or repealing revenue sharing; no Congress can bind a later Congress.

The most plausible criticism of revenue sharing is that it infringes the principle of financial responsibility. The principle, strictly applied, would not tolerate any intergovernmental transfers, federal to state and state to localities. But if, as is inevitable, an imbalance exists, must not the principle of financial responsibility be compromised?

In the area of public finance this is standard practice because its principles are relative and overlapping. Each principle must be applied with due consideration of how to accommodate it with other principles. The principle of equity in taxation will, for instance, sometimes yield to administrative feasibility and to revenue productivity; revenue productivity will, at some point, yield to equity and convenience. Conflicts arise, similarly, with respect to the principle of financial responsibility. If, as it dictates, each level of government should finance itself, either the amount or the quality of services provided by poor governments will suffer. The principle of horizontal equity, which declares that equals should be treated equally by government, is violated. Revenue sharing offers a way to reconcile and compromise this conflict between horizontal equity and financial responsibility.

'Cooperative Federalism'

What is the *extent* of the breach of financial responsibility which is contemplated? The Administration bill proposed for 1971-72 general revenue sharing amounted to $5 billion. In that year state and local governments would be spending approximately $160 billion, of which 85 per cent would come from their own sources of revenue and 15 per cent as intergovernmental revenue. Revenue from own sources has, recently, increased by $8 billion yearly.

Is it plausible to argue that the addition of $5 billion through revenue sharing would change either the method or the quality of budgeting appraisals by state and local officials? Conscious as they are of numerous unmet demands for expenditure, they would allocate the $5 billion provided as an unconditional grant by the techniques used to make other budgetary decisions. To assert this is not to deny that if all or much of the revenue of state and local governments came as unconditional grants, so that little or no tax discipline accompanied their spending decisions, state and local financial responsibility would be impaired. But no such situation is created by unconditional grants which, at the outset, would add 3.1 per cent to total state-local revenue.

The objection may be raised that a grant of $5 billion would be a foot in the door. Is there reason to expect that this type of grant would get out of control? Unconditional grants, in the mind of Congress, will be alternatives to larger direct federal expenditure or to reduction of federal taxes, and the kudos to be gained from these alternatives will usually be more apparent than from expansion of unconditional grants.

State-local governments will, to be sure, *request* larger grants. But their political power in Washington has been principally negative. They muster a sturdy opposition to measures they dislike; they have not been effective proponents, and it is hard to see how establishment of an unconditional grant would alter their political leverage. Care should, of course, be taken in the design of the grant. If state-local governments could add to their spending in full confidence that this would augment their grants, fiscal irresponsibility would be manifest. But a grant design, such as that proposed by the Administration, is insulated from any such temptation, since both its annual aggregate amount and its distribution among the states are determined by a formula.

A federalist in the 1970s is plagued with anxiety concerning the problems of American federalism. History will inform him that the course of federalism has seldom run smooth, and that, periodically, for more than 180 years, similar worries have been endemic. While this information will be a consolation, it should not be a sedative. It would be rash to allow beliefs—not to say dogmas—rooted in past experience to retard search for ways by which American federalism can be strengthened. The search should be for improved techniques of federal-state-local fiscal cooperation.

The old concept of separation of governmental functions, federal and state-local, should be replaced by the concept of cooperative federalism. Sometimes the Federal Government, through the conditional grant, will stimulate and

(Continued on page 360)

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'The First Ninety Days'

A Special SNAFU Report on the Wage-Price Squeeze

The New NIXONOMICS

FREEZE, SQUEEZE, what's the difference? The important thing is to stay one step ahead of the revenooers, or whatever they are called in the new Office of Emergency Preparedness -- pronounced "Urp" -- did you ever hear such a damned silly name? -- so we've slopped together this Special Report.

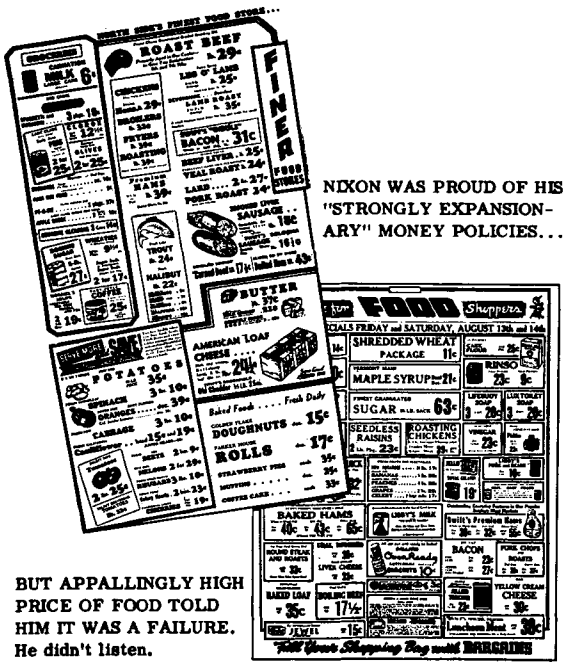
We have it on good authority -- the men around the men around the President, is who -- that Mr. Nixon was terribly impressed by the leadership of the Congolese Government, which is in most respects similar to our own and has similar monetary problems to deal with.

SHOWED US HOW

Kinshasa, The Congo (AP)—The government here has ordered a freeze on consumer prices effective immediately, the Congolese news agency reported yesterday.

As YOU know, inflation is caused by, and only by, government expansion of the money supply. Every new dollar pumped into the economy is a tax, precollected, on existing capital, the present Inflation Tax rate being around 10-12%. This naturally sends the price of groceries skyrocketing [see inset below] and the feds, not wanting to blame themselves, arrange for a giant shower of horsefeathers to descend upon the land. To wit: Urp.

This will be followed by Permanent Controls, Tighter Controls, Increasing Repression, Economic Fascism, Depression, and either Armed Insurrection, World War, or both. Aren't you happy you voted for that schmuck?



NIXON WAS PROUD OF HIS "STRONGLY EXPANSIONARY" MONEY POLICIES...

BUT APPALLINGLY HIGH PRICE OF FOOD TOLD HIM IT WAS A FAILURE. He didn't listen.

(Right) Analysis by President's Council of Economic Advisers promises upturn

The vernal-equinox chart of March 20, 1969, forecasts the end of the "Bull Market" that began on October 10, when the DJI Average hit a low of 735.74 after having made an all-time high of 10001.11 on February 9, 1966. The decline will stem from the ninth-house Sun's opposition to the Pluto-Jupiter-Uranus combination that spreads across the second and third houses. Another depressing element is the square from Mercury—the planet of business— in the eighth house of money to Mars—the planet of energy—in the fifth house of speculation. Ninth-house Saturn conjoining Venus and the Moon does not help matters. The decline will occur despite the long-term sextile between Neptune and Pluto-Jupiter-Uranus.

The summer-solstice chart of June 21, 1969, extends the declining tendencies that began in the previous quarter. The autumnal-equinox chart of September 23, 1969, carries the decline further, for Neptune in the fifth house of speculation forms a sinister T-square with the Moon in the eighth house, opposing Venus in the second house of money.

The major astrological aspect involved in the 1969 decline is the Jupiter-Uranus conjunction, which becomes exact on April 4, 1969, at 182°8' of heliocentric longitude. This aspect has occurred 15 times since 1761 and has correctly indicated a low spot in the business cycle on 13 occasions—which represents an accuracy of 86.7 per cent!

LEARN YOUR LESSON?

KEYNESIANISM 1A -- Mid-Century Exam

1. Economics is taught in schools (t, f)? _____.
2. (a) Does it matter? _____.
   (b) "In the long run we are all _____"?
3. The National Product is referred to as "_____"?
4. The GNP is computed by (adding, subtracting) _____ government consumption (to/from) private production?
5. The government needs to spend $_____ more to raise the GNP to a zillion-trillion dollars?
6. (a) We are spending a zillion-trillion dollars?_____.
   (b) It seems like we are?_____.
   (c) We would except for the reactionaries in Congress?___
7. "National Economy" is a) to stimulate, b) to avoid?_____
8. On the average, the U.S. government spends $_____ more than it won't take in until _____ years after spending it?
9. Deficit spending means spending deficits (t, f)?_____.
10. Government regulation regulates government (t, f)?_____
11. Minimum wage laws (raise, minimize) wages? _____
12. Apres who le deluge? _____.
13. Which Secretary of the Treasury said, "We are engaged in a great effort to disinflate without deflating"?_____
14. Name one Treasury Secretary in the last 181 years? ____
15. Inflation is caused by rising prices (t, f)?_____.
16. Runaway tax increases have a) little, b) no _____ effect on the rising cost of living?
17. Ralph Nader is the consumer's (best, only) friend? _____
18. Complete this hypothetical syllogism:
    a) Capitalism creates monopoly;
    b) Monopoly is EVIL;
    c) Therefore, capitalism is _____?
19. Deficit spending below the full employment level is not deficit spending (t, f)? _____.
20. Full-employment deficit spending is known as:
    a) priming the pump _____
    b) Samuelson's Law _____
    c) make-work _____
    d) inflationary _____
    e) good government _____
    f) good politics _____
    g) pork barrel _____
    h) all of the above? _____
21. How can you be so heartless when the a) real needs, b) mau-mauing _____ of c) the nation, d) Treasury worms _____ are not being met?

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TREASURY OFFICIALS KNEW INFLATION LEADS TO CRISIS, WERE CONSTANTLY ALERT FOR IMPENDING EMERGENCY.

Carol Channing, star of Broadway's *Hello, Dolly!*, doing the Twist at a Washington affair. Her partner: Henry H. Fowler, Secretary of the Treasury in the Johnson cabinet.

22. What President instituted full-employment deficit spending? _____.

23. His Party affiliation? _____.

24. He was elected primarily by conservatives (t, f)? _____.

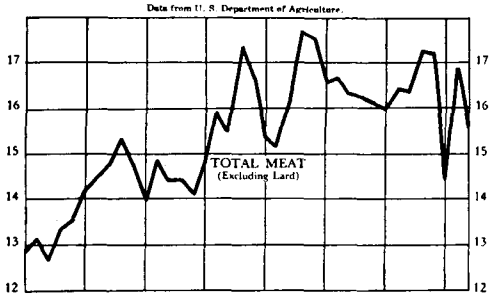
25. Is he going to keep that support in 1972? _____.

26. One Grave Social Crisis is equal to _____ authentic needs of the people, is equal to _____ demands by Hill Hogs?

27. Which? _____ (a) Good government is good politics, or (b) Good politics is good government.

Meat Production in the United States—1900-1937

Data from U. S. Department of Agriculture.



28. Which of the following statements is correct? _____.
(a) Printing money that cannot be redeemed in gold or silver is called counterfeiting and is rotten because it steals from everybody.
(b) Printing money that cannot be redeemed in gold or silver is called a "strongly expansionary monetary policy" and is wonderful because it steals from everybody.

29. Deficit spending is nice because you:
(a) are spending less than nothing _____.
(b) don't have to bother taxing people _____.
(c) will never get caught with your hand in the till _____.

REASON FOR PRESIDENT'S HUSH-HUSH TRIP TO RED CHINA REVEALED: WANTS TO CONFER WITH MONETARY EXPERT, BUY PAMPHLET.

This booklet contains two articles: "Victory for Chairman Mao's Great Principle of Maintaining Independence and Keeping the Initiative in Our Own Hands and Relying on Our Own Efforts — Hail China, a Socialist Country Without Internal or External Debts" and "Great Victory for Mao Tsetung Thought on the Financial and Monetary Front — Hail China's Renminbi, One of the Few Most Stable Currencies in the World."

30. Washington, D.C. a) is, b) is grabbing all, the nation's capital? _____.

31. Anyway, who cares about a National Debt of $_____

_____?

32. After all, "__ ___ __ __ _____" (five words).

33. Nazi Germany relied heavily on Keynesian policies (t, f)? _____. (Hint: true)

34. After Nazi Finanzminister Schacht instituted a wage-price freeze, which of the following occurred?

(a) The economy stabilized and controls were dropped____
(b) He had to try much harsher controls _____.
(c) People accused of "economic crimes" were sent to concentration camps _____.
(d) World War II_____.

35. What Fascist dictator relied heavily on Keynesian policies (Hint: Benito M_____)? _____.

36. Great Britain relies heavily on Keynesian policies (t, f)? _____.

37. Who said recently, "We are all Keynesians now"?

(a) Richard M. Nixon_____
(b) Lytton Strachey_____
(c) Howard Cossell_____

38. As a result (q. 33-37), which is true today?

(a) Nazi Germany remains a beloved World Power _____
(b) Italy has recaptured the glory that was Rome _____
(c) The sun never sets on the British Empire _____
(d) "O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave..." _____

39. Come to think of it, who did say, "In the long run we are all dead" ?_____.

(b) Is he? _____.

(c) Does that explain his reputation as a prophet? _____.

(d) Should the government regulate prophets? _____.

40. "DEFICIT SPENDING DOES NOT CAUSE INFLATION"

Witnesseth _____
(your signature)

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THE KENDALL LEGACY

Idabel Is Well, Thank You

REGIS MARTIN JR.

"He had a feeling about the place that it was getting to the root of things." —Mr. Edward Harrison, in fond remembrance of Willmoore Kendall.

THE IMPULSE to visit first urged itself in Spain a long year ago, beneath the ambient elevations of Castilian stone and wood, in the very shadow of the Escorial, Spain's massive poem in stone as Ortega once put it. We were among the ranks of the American Catholic Right, a grim and disaffected lot, whose terrible lament for their country—conceived in sin and consumed by *Thanatos* went the dirge, while wayward patriots worshiped her bloody banner—most sorely vexed those natural dispositions of ours always to think well of one's home.

We had heard the elegy before, threading its funereal way through the pages of *Triumph* Magazine; and constant objurgatory inflection rather starkly communicated their discontents. America was utterly vile: A land whose workaday depravity was traceable less to the latest bloom of the secularist weed than to the fetid soil of a mean and worthless past. That the decision to displace God and His Church as sovereign centerpiece, for the low and insolent oligarchy of some Madisonian coalition, codified forever America's disdain for Eternal Law and its unholy marriage of Politics and Religion. With this profanation of the Word our tomorrows would never be lovely. Some of us believed. Recruits for apocalypse are always available. But others, myself included, refused to credit an indictment that, as Burke reminds us, cannot by its very nature take in an entire people. Even as we denied the loose historical linkages, the unwarranted pessimism, the gratuitous dismissal of a constitution whose operative ideals (e.g., consent of the governed) were seen always as instruments to abridge His authority, and the neo-Jansenist rectitude of those who view certain other people's evil as somehow invincible: for instance, America's. No people are wholly without hope and any nation, however defiled, can shrive herself free of iniquity.

So argument raged that eventful summer and in due course the matter of America's roots (were they sufficiently Christian?) became moot, as the crucial question regarding the status of her soul today loomed ever more shrill with news from home about Charles Manson, abortion and moral disintegration. The necessity for reassurance grew and the search for a litmus was begun.

For myself—making soritical recoginition of a hope that in America there was freedom, for which only a virtuous policy could make prudent use, that enough of my countrymen were possessed of honor and worth, that true justice required good faith concerning which there was much to be grateful, and that the country I loved engaged in the Pauline way a trust that went beyond the evidence—I needed quickly to repose all confidence in a certainty of belief about America that for all the grossness and folly she was fundamentally decent and worth defending. It was then that I elected Willmoore Kendall; and taking up *his* litmus thereupon resolved someday to visit Idabel.

I FOUND myself attracted to Kendall for reasons both obvious and special. He was indisputably one of the half-dozen most brilliant and original students of political science in this century; whose seminal work on Locke was *the* trailblazer of the postwar period. The quality of his writings were analytically of the very highest order and always (to paraphrase Garry Wills) a stylistic tour de force. Ergo, the cynosure obviously to follow for any pilgrim in serious search of political wisdom. But there remain those other reasons and they all spring from that extraordinary summer in Spain.

Choosing Kendall was the most eloquent way I knew to affirm America, the matter of her moral worthwhileness having become in Kendall's words the very bones of contention. By gravitating his way I could then draw upon the resources of his own most excellent argument for America, the luminous optimism of which would work to dispel the gloom in the Escorial, allowing one finally to leave unseduced by those who saw in America one vast and ugly lesion of the spirit.

The nub of that argument began always with the understanding that there are in America, traditional America he would aver, certain things it is our solemn obligation to maintain. And that the cardinal task of any movement calling itself conservative was precisely to affirm what those things are and having done so arrange permanently for their preservation. Such things as the founding documents of our country made explicit and which taken together fashion the *ethos* (Public Orthodoxy as Kendall preferred to call it) to which all of us, living and dead, stand committed. Indeed its very affirmation was a presupposition of American society. But the gang in Spain, all erstwhile conservatives, had abandoned the job, their point being the futility of somehow salvaging what in effect expired long ago, or what in any case never was. Well, its being was for Kendall neither in doubt historically nor suspect philosophically. And along with John Courtney Murray, the Jesuit and another of the finks found on the Summer Institute's Index of Forbidden Books (Chesterton once quipped that there are times when to tell the truth it is necessary to exaggerate), cherished this signal distinction. That in discussing those propositions historically set forth in the germinal literature of American freedom it became necessary to view them as both doctrines asserted to be true and projects destined to be performed. Thus, for instance, we invoke the notion of God's sovereignty over all of us (individual and society) as an eternal truth whose completion requires temporal application. And the ensuing lacunae merely suggest the distance yet to go. But to infer from, say, the practice of abortion (or slavery, or any enormity for that matter . . . all together now, Vietnam!) that the whole of America is trafficking in perdition is just plain preposterous, and maybe even hubristic as

Mr. Martin is now serving in Vietnam. Before joining the service he taught at a Catholic school in Pittsburgh.

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it sets loose a dragnet best left to the angels. And that is what comprised the special relevance of Kendall that doleful summer in Spain. To adduce his argument became, for those of us outside the prevailing orbs of despair, a supreme paradigmatic pleasure. It enabled us to deplore the great evils of the age without forsaking the one country most tormented by them. Needless to say we never found that paradoxical.

The reader grown weary by an endless preface might well ask, why Idabel? And herewith that explanation. It was a symbol, in Spain, of an America quintessentially wholesome and true. A town presumed untouched by any of the frightful developments of the modern world. The pristine import of which became central to Kendall's regnant theoretical preoccupation, namely the conditions under which majority rule procedures would generate good government. The answer depending, ultimately, on the extent to which, in Murray's words, "the people are the living repository of a moral tradition." And to guarantee *that* necessitates "keeping alive the historical memory" (Kendall), a job moreover singularly inhospitable to government (which is why Publius allowed the question to go begging), the institutional reach of whose orbit could never encapsulate all the desiderata (some would say not any) of the Good Society. The People. Those whom Publius expected to demonstrate to the world the success of representative self-government. Kendall never supposed them other than capable; never came to reject the careful fruit of their maturest deliberations. (In fact I'm sure, like Bill Buckley, he'd sooner consult the Boston phone directory than august Harvard University for workaday wisdom.) And it was the Idabel of his youth, of his dreams, that seemed to emblematize so well his enormous, infectious faith in America, a faith I shared and came to defend that summer in Spain and would within a year travel to Idabel to test.

WHEN Willmoore Kendell died in Dallas spectacularly unnoticed in 1967, even Idabel, the town where once he lived and whose ways he always loved, did not weep. I like to think that in a certain sense he would have approved. Certainly he would have understood. And not without wry amusement. It is a place not exactly easy to reach by just any post-industrial means. Like you have to orchestrate connections; in which two or more alternating modes must figure.

So one morning I flew south, setting aside for the moment my handy Avis card. Just for the record it was a turbulent trip, due entirely to the windbag beside me: a huge and bilious man whose bluster at once mobilized on spotting my Army uniform (always a provocation) and spent itself on philippics against Vietnam, until finally I feigned to observe a malfunction of the left wing intimating, of course, imminent disaster. Paling visibly, his smile grew only wan when unmasking the ruse I remarked how all is vanity anyhow. We landed safely.

Finding Avis and most anxious to resume I was soon racing over endless stretches of Oklahoma prairie, negotiating hairpin turns through breathtaking pine-clad mountains and reaching Idabel that evening. Hungry, droopy from fatigue, I motored uneasily along empty streets wondering nervously where all the people were. Was this that "eerie tranquility" about which Kingman Brewster lately warned? Only, I discovered, if rodeos where all gather to frolic can be thought ominous. And if WW III comes to intrude? Why, let it rain. Made giddy by this first serendipitous brush with breezy Okie insouciance, I limped airily off to eat and later slept most soundly.

I stayed almost three days. Hardly enough for a saturation study but enough certainly to allow for impressionistic accuracy. Besides, the whole heuristic point of the trip was never to proceed in exactly skeptical search of anything, let alone a mission to take fastidiously lunarlike looks into heretofore unphotographed craters; then rushing to scribble down *de novo* data finally rivaling the Lynds' *Middletown* opus. Always modest, the aim was rather to ratify what always was believed; to fix as firm a bias lready good and true. Taxonomically, I should call it empiricism normatively harnessed; an effort at epistemology obviously closer to Augustinian faith seeking understanding than to the usual *ex nihilo* modes of Descartes: Doubt in search of what, its litotes? Unscientific, you say? But, of course. And my days were gloriously spent. Almost everyone exuded a natural friendliness and warmth that managed instantly to infect the listener with the same *gemütlich* spirit of the place; fortifying, once again, Kendall's appealing thesis about her synecdochical role in understanding America, as a place still speckled with the *Gemeinschaft* ideal.

I said almost didn't I? Yes, well a couple of citizens, strangely unmoved by my charms, though otherwise perfectly normal I'm sure, elected not to be cheerful or really eager to assist. For instance, the town sheriff, incidentally sleeping when in I ambled long after lunch. He reacted most huffily when queried on the number occupying his jail. As if I had just sprung a few! And remained still hesitant long after my non-credentials as a freelance seditionist were established and the sandals and moustache declared a non-threat. But I forgave him all when, as I turned to go, he suddenly chirped: "Sometimes we watch that Buckley feller on TV." Venturing bravely, You mean *Firing Line*? Hope proved hasty. "Why *Laugh-In* of course!" Of course, the summer rerun season. Together we twittered as I rose to go, espying one final yawn. It was almost four.

THE OTHER recalcitrant was not sleeping. Indeed, her sort never do. They remain eternally vigilant. The wife of the town's single newspaper publisher, she absolutely insisted I produce a zillion bona fides, at least, before consenting even to exchange smiles. So out I trotted the cards to prove I was me. Persuaded, the imperial visage crumpled and the interview was begun. And how was Idabel? Of course Idabel was well! a datum hurled with such thundering finality as to suggest not smugness (God forbid!) but the sheer unthinkability of things being otherwise. What about change? Oh yes, and here an oceanic smile burst into view. Idabel you see was finally coming out of the wood and the new paper factory (with the definitive pollution control device . . . Professor Ehrlich take note) would surely release cascading abundance for all. Not to mention more newspapers to peddle. Problems per chance? Only the usual attending meteoric commercial growth; this followed by a humorless inventory of the latest civic transgressions, the most intolerable of which were cars cluttering the center section of the street, mangy curs slithering about town and presumably a mayor's office too slovenly to care.

(*Continues on page 360*)

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APOCALYPSE U.

The Recruiters

DONALD K. CARTER

ALL OVER the country college coaches are fighting to sign up this high-school quarterback or that seven-foot schoolboy basketball sensation, but the staff over at the University of the Apocalypse is having recruiting problems of a different kind. Dr. Thomas Robespierre Paine, Chairman of the Department of Metaphysical Ecology, heads up the recruiting program, assisted by Dr. Moyamba Lateef Washington X, Chairman of the Department of Afro-American Biocybernetics, and Dr. Susan B. Anthony Cohen, Social Director of the Intersexual Campus Coalition for Coition in Politics. Dr. Paine has just opened the weekly progress meeting.

"This may be a banner week for us," he says. "We are very close to signing that grape boycott boy wonder from Detroit. For a while there it looked like he was leaning toward Michigan State, but when the Weathermen went underground, the pendulum swung our way. The kid has a natural talent for arrogance and rudeness, but he's a little weak in the violence aspect. Freshman Orientation Week should cure that though. To top it all off, he's marvelously obscene. A great prospect. How goes it with that boy from Baltimore, Susan?"

"Bad news there, Tom. He's been out to Berkeley for a visit, and I have even heard rumors of a meeting with Mario Savio. Our best tactic would be to get the kid to visit our campus. We could show him our Revolutionary Explosives Laboratory for the New Politics. That's his special talent: explosives. Do you know he actually firebombed his own high-school prom? He's versatile too, a real triple threat —terrorism, drugs and homosexuality. We can't afford to lose this one."

"Keep after him, Susan," says Dr. Paine. "I like the idea of the campus visit. Get one of our senior transvestites to act as guide, and make sure that the tour includes a look at our library of pornographic books and films. Now, how about you, Moyamba? Any luck?"

"Remember that girl from Waco whom we heard so much about in the scouting reports? Well, I flew down there last week and she's too good to be true. Part Irish, part Negro, part Mexican and part Apache. We haven't had such an all-around prospect since that Afro-American Eurasian Eskimo chick from Portland a few years back. Real All-American potential. Best of all though, she's phenomenal against police and National Guard lines. You wouldn't believe the superb timing and execution of her epithet hurling and breast baring. One of the best I've seen in twenty years."

SOUNDS great, Moy," says Dr. Paine. "Let's all keep after these people. I've got some new assignments for you both. This weekend I want Susan to go up to Darien. A girl is giving a macrobiotic women's lib pajama party and I'd like you to find out if she is our kind of student. I want Moyamba to fly out to Denver where some high-school senior is fasting for peace in his guidance counselor's office while editing an underground newspaper and writing Haiku lyrics for a rock band. Meanwhile, I'm off to Northern Ireland and Jordan for a few days to see if we can increase our foreign enrollment this year. Remember, we're losing a lot of good seniors to graduation and arrest this year, not to mention the loss of many undergraduates who have been forced to go underground or into exile. Our alumni all over the world are counting on us to maintain the high standards of violence and revolution which have made our university justly famous. Every week I get letters from graduates from such places as far away as Algeria, Sweden and Leavenworth, Kansas thanking us for the fine education we've given them. So let us keep up the good work and remember: Politics without violence is like cookies without milk. See you next week." □

"Let's try an Ecology approach. After all, we college presidents are an endangered species."

Mr. Carter studied Urban Design and Regional Planning at the University of Edinburgh. He is now employed as a regional planner in Pittsburgh.

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C. H. SIMONDS

To Hell with Sell

TELEVISION grows depressing. Yes, it was always depressing; but now the commercials grow depressing too. The "creative revolution" in advertising of the Sixties is over, done in by the Nixon recession and mounting evidence that viewers loved the ads but couldn't remember the products. Gone, probably forever, are the clever ads—the man arguing with his stomach for Alka-Seltzer; the wonderfully insulting Italian aristocrat who (supposedly) presided over the Buitoni spaghetti sauce empire; that ultimate imperialist oppressor, Savarin Coffee's "El Exigente." Even the Volkswagen spots are growing dull.

Gone too are the superspectaculars: The Busby Berkeleyesque extravaganza that Stan Freberg staged (for $140,000) for Heinz Great American Soups was the lavishest, and the last. Even the merely pleasant commercials—the Salem smokers frisking in the countryside, Jonathan Winters playing Maudie Frickert for Hefty Trash Bags—are fewer and fewer. One of the Old Bolsheviks of the creative revolution, Mary Wells Lawrence of Wells Rich & Green, no longer sprays Braniff planes pink and dresses the hostesses in Pucci outfits; now she talks of the importance of Hard Sell—and so back we go, with Anacin's little hammers pounding away inside our heads, to the good old days of which dissolves faster, whose wash is whiter, and is Certs a candy mint or a breath mint?

But something new has been added, thanks to the Federal Trade Commission, Ralph Nader, Virginia Knauer, Bess Myerson and lesser pests. Nowadays, they tread lightly on Madison Avenue. Already we have watched the makers of Profile Bread abase themselves, at their own expense, telling us that after all Profile really *doesn't* help us lose weight, and they're sorry if they misled us back in the days B.C. (Before Consumerism). Now a super-sincere type owns up and admits that Sta-Dry won't keep us absolutely dry ("no deodorant can") but by golly it will keep us drier. Than what?

Then there are the countercommercials. I don't mind somebody trying to separate me from my money, but I can't bear being told to do something for my own good. Back when the do-gooders tried to ballyhoo me out of smoking, I very nearly developed an ulcer. Soon, if the same folk have their way and the Federal Communications Commission Earl Warrenizes its equal-time policies, we will be bombarded with messages (paid for, ultimately, by us) unselling us on automobiles, logging, disposable didies and whatever else They think is bad for us.

It could—it will—become ridiculous. The timidity will grow; advertisers will take great pains to stay on the level, lest the Naders descend. Thus, we will see, superimposed on the interior shot of the airplane full of happy, carousing tourists, the legend: "THESE PEOPLE ARE NOT REALLY ON AN AIRPLANE. IF THEY WERE ON AN AIRPLANE, THEY'D BE SCARED TO DEATH." The impact of the two housewives comparing whiteness will be somewhat reduced by the explanation: "ACTUALLY THERE'S NOT A BIT OF DIFFERENCE, BUT IT'S A CUTE SCENE AND THE GALS NEEDED THE WORK." Before long, the commercial with the typical, happy American family eating New Phud will be explicated with something like: "THIS IS NOT A FAMILY, MERELY FOUR PROFESSIONAL MODELS WHO FIRST MET FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO; IN FACT, DADDY IS GAY AS A TREE FULL OF CHICKADEES."

Instead of the Hard, Soft or Straight Sell, we will be subjected to the Sad Sell: Guy (shiny suit, needs a haircut) in office (no carpet, plastic flower in a Michelob bottle on the desk) holds up product. "Uh, excuse me, but I'd like you to buy this. It's about the same as all the other ones on the market, but, uh, the company hasn't been doing so hot lately, and, well, frankly, I could really use the money. So gimme a break, huh? Give it a try, and if you really hate it send it back and I'll (sigh) refund your 98 cents. Uh, thanks—hope I didn't bother you."

Then comes the countercommercial—nasty voice over long shot of five hundred acres of tree stumps, family of deer weeping in foreground: "You've seen their commercials. Breaks your heart, doesn't it? Well, we saw whatsisname getting a ten-dollar razor cut yesterday, and we're not at all sure that's really his office. Anyway, before you buy his product, look at this. Look what his company did to Central Park. Doesn't *that* break your heart? Think about it. (Brought to you in the public interest by Citizens for Happy Deer.)"

The company counter-counterattacks—Same guy, dandling pinched, pale, Dickensian child: "Deer, shmeer—this is my daughter Brenda. Five years old, but she can't run and play like the other kids. Rickets, y'know—we haven't had meat on the table since the cat died. So wouldja *please* try one of these? Just try it (sob!)—maybe you could take it off your tax as a charitable contribution. I beg of you—" Enter ad-man: "Sorry, fella, the agency can't carry you any longer. No more credit, no more commercials—take the camera out, Fred!"

Back comes Citizens for Happy Deer: "Too bad about Brenda, though we're by no means sure her name is Brenda. What about him [shot of Bowery wino]—he bought one. What about her [lady in traction]—she bought one. What about them [cemetery]—they each bought one. Keep thinking about it."

IT COULD get downright nasty. Same office, new guy—blue jowls, black suit, cigar, hundred-dollar alligator shoes: "Ciao. Me and my family just bought this company. It makes these here things. You oughta try 'em. You got a nice-lookin' wife, right, coupla cute kids? It'd be real too bad if they had a *accident*, now wouldn't it? I really t'ink you oughta try these a whole lot."

To which the countercommercializers could only reply: "*Alligator shoes*? Better your wife and kids than the alligators!"

Honest, Nader et al., we never seriously believed there were little hammers in our heads or that those fatherly guys in white smocks were real doctors, or that her wash was anythinger. So will you please lay off? □

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We need your

help

Here we are, in the midst of the most incredible election campaign in American history. What will happen next? Who dares predict the future? What might happen a month from now, given what has happened in the past month?

We can't predict it ourselves, of course. But this we **do** know: there must be, as of right this minute, **many** more thousands of Americans who would **enjoy** having **National Review** in this vital election year, if they only knew about it. You can reach those people more quickly, more easily — certainly more efficiently — than **we** can, for they are **your** friends. Aren't there friends and relations of **yours** who are more interested in **this** election than in any **previous** election? Just the people we're looking for! Use the card facing this page to introduce someone you know to **National Review** today!

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BOOKS

The Legacy of de Gaulle

PETER P. WITONSKI

Memoirs of Hope: Renewal and Endeavor
By Charles de Gaulle
Simon & Schuster, 392 pp., $10

It is not often that one has a chance to witness the end of an era. I have myself been on the scene only once, when Charles de Gaulle stepped down as French President in the spring of 1969. That night the French rejoiced. Wherever one went in Paris it was impossible to escape the incessant honking of horns and the jubilant exultation of the extreme Left and Right. "The French did not deserve me," he was to remark to Malraux in their long dialogue, *Les Chênes qu'on abat*; and that night I felt the same way. Once again, I thought to myself, France had let herself down, once again she was enacting what Max Ophuls has called *le chagrin et la pitié*, as she had before in 1789 and 1940.

It was all quite absurd. It was de Gaulle who had chosen to leave in a pique over the most insignificant of issues: his failure to win a referendum concerning the reform of the French Senate and the various local governments. The Man of June 18, one would have thought, had bigger things to worry about. France's grandeur was gone, and France without grandeur, as Malraux was to tell André Brincourt of *Le Figaro*, was as helpless as a soldier without arms. *Les Chênes qu'on abat* had concluded pessimistically with the sentence: "*La nuit tombe —la nuit, qui ne connaît pas l'histoire*" —the night is falling—the night that knows no history.

But, in fact, it was only the end of an era, and de Gaulle began the memoirs that he was to write, but not finish, in retirement, on an optimistic note. He entitled them *Mémoires d'Espoir* (*Memoirs of Hope*), and began the first volume, *Le Renouveau* (*Renewal*), with his usual eloquence. "France has emerged from the depths of the past. She is a living entity. She responds to the call of the centuries. Yet she remains herself through time. . . . This nation has embraced countless generations. . . . It will give birth to many more." France will endure, despite the passing of de Gaulle from the political scene.

THE DAY AFTER de Gaulle stepped down, I remember that things seemed a good deal more somber than they had the day before. The same people who had cheered his defeat the night before began to wonder what things would be like without the old man. Many learned journalists, including the great Aron of *Le Figaro*, predicted violence in the streets of Paris. Some saw a second French Revolution. The Communist Party, which had been smashed in the elections that followed the uprising in May of 1968, saw a brighter future for itself. And many world leaders, especially in Western Europe, hoped for a return to the kind of politics that had dominated France in the days before de Gaulle. But thanks to the General none of these things came to pass. Under Pompidou the Gaullist Union remained in power, and France, as de Gaulle was to write, remained in control, "at one and the same time of yesterday's heritage, today's interests, and tomorrow's hopes."

UNLIKE most modern statesmen de Gaulle has left behind him a small shelf of books that stand on their own account as masterpieces of French prose writing. Unfortunately it is not the sort of prose that translates easily into English, and the reader interested in getting the full flavor of the man will have to go to the French edition, which is published by Plon. The present English translation, done by Terence Kilmartin, includes the first volume of the *Memoirs of Hope*, which deals with the stormy period from 1958, when de Gaulle returned to power, until 1962, along with the first two chapters of the projected second volume, *L'Effort* (*Endeavor*). There was to have been a third volume, *Le Terme*, which the General never got around to, save for a few notes. While these present memoirs are excellent by any standard, they are not in the same class with his magisterial war memoirs, which rank among the great autobiographical achievements of our age, and which will continue to be read, both for their historical and literary value.

What is one to make of de Gaulle? The best judgment, I think, was made by his hagiographer Malraux, who called him the man of the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow. He was a man standing on a high promontory, who could look far back into the past, and, as a result, could see far into the future. Often, however, he was exceedingly shortsighted about the present, and this was most unfortunate in a

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RANDOM NOTES

■ BISHOPS AND LEFTISM. Orbis Books is a line published by Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of the U.S., which is sponsored by the American hierarchy. Orbis spring titles include *Christian Political Theology: A Marxian Guide*; two by John B. Chethimattam on how the Hindus can enlighten us, *Patterns of Indian Thought* and *Consciousness and Reality*; *The Church and Revolution*, wherein we learn why the Church has "so often identified itself with the forces of oppression"; *Live with Yourself and Like It* ("drawing on . . . the lives of such disparate people as Freud and St. Francis"); *Missionaries to Yourselves* ("the ground-breaking theology of the African catechist"); *Mother India's Children*; and *The Radical Bible*. Orbis boss is veteran left-liberal Philip Scharper.

■ APRIL BOOKS. The late Bill Lawrence summed up forty years in Washington with *Six Presidents, Too Many Wars* (Saturday Review Press, $8.95). . . . Hannah Arendt's new one is *Crises of the Republic* (Harcourt, $6.95). From the same house, a book about executive dropouts, *Take Today* by Marshall McLuhan and Barrington Nevitt ($9.95). . . . New Directions reissuing Pound's opera, *Le Testament*, in a $75 facsimile edition from George Antheil's original notations. . . . Robert Craft's *Stravinsky: The Chronicle of a Friendship, 1948-1971* is in diary form (Knopf, $10). . . . Hank Messick slashes away at *John Edgar Hoover* (McKay, $7.95).

Herman Kahn, futurist, and B. Bruce-Briggs envision a declining U.S. in *Planning for 1984* (Macmillan, $7.95). From the same publisher, liberal Catholic Michael Novak may be turning back to his roots, to judge by excerpts already published from *White Ethnic: The Man Disinherited* ($5.95). . . . Trendy Jesuit Bernard Lonergan offers his *Method in Theology* (Herder & Herder, $10). . . . *The Columbia History of the World* has forty contributors and is edited by John A. Garraty and Peter Gay (Harper, $17.50). . . . *James* is a biography by Peggy Miller of the Old Pretender, son of James II (St. Martin's, $12.95).

From the Left, Robert Sherrill takes a dim view of the royal family in *The Gracchi: The Kennedy Myth* (Dodd, Mead, $6.95). . . . *Up Against the Wailing Wall* is Rabbi A. Bruce Goldman's salute to the Radical Jewish movement (Straight Arrow, $6.95). . . . *A Window on Russia* is a collection of Edmund Wilson essays on Russian writers (Farrar, $7.95). . . . *A Great Many People* is the autobiography of S. N. Behrman (Little, Brown, $7.95). . . . Jack Anderson goes after *The Generals* (Regnery/Cowles, $6.95). . . . Old yarns, newly collected: Hemingway's *The Nick Adams Stories* (Scribners, $7.95).

world leader. It also explains why the French never really liked him. As a people they are lacking in historical perspective, and prefer to speculate upon the here-and-now, rather than the past and future. They are addicted to a love of grand designs concerning the present, and their political and intellectual history is one that is punctuated with numerous such grand designs which seem to disappear as quickly as they are erected. They have never been able to walk the *via media*, like the English, and this has been their shame and glory. The French have never achieved glory for themselves, a writer has remarked; they have only achieved glory for the world.

De Gaulle returned to power as the champion of the French Right. He was to have been the savior of a French Algeria. In the long run he turned against the very people who had brought him to power in the first place and granted Algeria her independence. During this entire period, which is discussed at some length in these volumes, he behaved in a typically ambiguous manner, saying one thing and meaning the opposite. "Destiny," he explains, apologizing for his own ambiguity, "had entrusted me with a momentous task. As happened to those men who likewise in the course of our history were called upon to enforce the supreme interest of the nation . . . I was obliged, in order to achieve my aim, to coerce and sometimes punish other Frenchmen who opposed it but whose first impulse may have been well-intentioned." What de Gaulle did was to crush the French Right that had brought him to power in the first place.

The French Right responded by supporting the Secret Army Organization, which staged a coup d'état in Algiers in April of 1961. The OAS counted in its ranks the cream of the French officer corps, driven, as de Gaulle puts it, out of misguided patriotism, to the extreme of mutiny. The eventual defeat of the OAS marked the end of an effective political right wing in France, and drove most of the leading right-wing political figures, including de Gaulle's wartime colleague Jacques Soustelle, into exile. The Gaullist Union ceased to be a movement of the Right. Indeed, it ceased to be even a centrist movement, and became a movement of the social-democratic Left. De Gaulle, who spiritually and intellectually belonged to the French Right, became himself a champion of social democracy.

BEFORE May of 1968, de Gaulle could look back upon a series of major achievements. France, which had become a kind of international joke under the Fourth Republic, became the acknowledged leader of Europe. The French economy was stronger than it had been since the First World War, and the average Frenchman lived better than he had ever done before. There was stability for the first time in years, and the French, as ever, began to forget about the way things were before de Gaulle. In truth, one cannot be too critical of the French people. De Gaulle, for all his progressivism, had become *un homme du passé*. It is clear that the uprising of May 1968 caught him off-guard, and had it not been for the more conservative Pompidou, then prime minister, all might have been lost. The handwriting was on the wall, and all knew that it was only a matter of time before de Gaulle stepped down.

Today it appears that the Gaullist Union is evolving into a genuine party of the Right, supported by such figures of the old Right as Tixier and Soustelle. This may be de Gaulle's ultimate legacy. His spirit continues to dominate French political life, even though his policies no longer seem to have any real influence. As for his memoirs, they will probably open many old wounds for those who disagreed with him, but they serve once again to remind us of the General: the man of the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow. □

Peter P. Witonski, *the editor of the four-volume* The Wisdom of Conservatism, *teaches history at Harvard.* . . . **Guy Davenport** *of the University of Kentucky has recently published a translation of the Spartan poet Alkman in* Arion, *a classics journal.* . . . **Jacob Neusner** *is Professor of Religious Studies at Brown University.* . . . My Brother Evelyn and Other Portraits *is one of* **Alec Waugh**'*s many books.*

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North
By Louis-Ferdinand Céline, translated by Ralph Manheim
Delacorte, 454 pp., $10
Lying Woman
By Jean Giraudoux, translated by Richard Howard
Winter House, 232 pp., $6.95

THE WAYS OF THE FRENCH

GUY DAVENPORT

"What a way to write!" Céline says of his flocculent prose. "I ought to be ashamed!" He ought, indeed. It is wearying to read phrases linked by dots ("I open one eye . . . I see her . . . it's almost dark . . . she's looking out through the slit . . . I go over . . . movements"), yet Céline wrote all his books this way. The result is a dyslectic hiccough, inspiring the reader with better to do to skim assiduously. Obviously Céline never read his own books, and as for the reader, he held him in contempt as *une espèce de merde*.

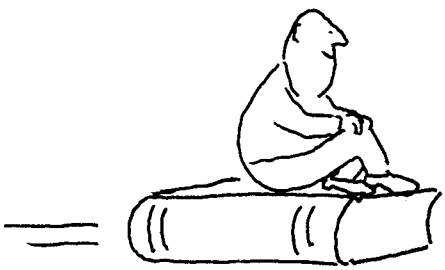
Reading Céline is the same as falling in with a mad old man of glittering and feverish eye whom, he will shout in your face, the world has treated unfairly. He rambles, borders on an inspired inarticulateness, repeats himself, spits, insults, rolls shoelace-loosening obscenities on his tongue, and damns everything in sight except his wife, his cat Brébert, and himself. He is a thoroughly unsavory old cooter, and he meant to be.

Moreover, his novels are not novels at all. They are raging accounts of Céline knocking his frail shins against the world. They are maddeningly detailed indictments of a humanity rotten with viciousness, drunk with stupidity, blinded by ignorance and cruelty. Fall in with this wild old Timon, and you will end up convinced that man is the opposite of humanity.

Céline complains ungraciously in this account of his miseries during the war that we have mythologized the Nazi years, making a saint of Anne Frank (of whose fame he is openly jealous) and devils of the SS. He existed in the moral shambles which he can discern between the innocent and the guilty, and he insists that practically everyone else did, too. In three novels which form a trilogy—*From One Castle to Another*, *North* and *Rigandon*—he attempted in his old age to record with naked honesty and tragic bitterness what it felt like to be an antisemite skeptical of the Nazis, disgusted by the French, and wholly cynical about the human race's being able to succeed at anything more complex than wiping its nose.

Céline was not primarily a writer. He was a doctor specializing in children's diseases, an authority on typhus. He was also an idealist whose idealism was buried under heavier and heavier disappointments. He was born in 1894 as Louis-Ferdinand Destouches. His father was a clerk in an insurance office; his mother made lace. He began life as a messenger boy. In 1914 he was wounded hideously.

He took his college degree by reading on his own. He went to Africa and almost died of dysentery and malaria. In 1924 he became a physician, writing his thesis on Semmelweis, the doctor who had died insane because he could never convince midwives that they must



wash their hands before delivering a baby. Like Semmelweis, Céline became a crusader. The Rockefeller Foundation sent him to Geneva, to Liverpool. He went back to Africa, visited the United States, Canada, Cuba. Then he decided to become a humble general practitioner in Clichy. He took the name Céline and began to write his digression-ridden, sputtering, angry books.

Voyage to the End of the Night (1932) and *Death on the Installment Plan* (1936) made him famous. He went to Russia, and denounced Communism on his return. He also abandoned the official humanism of Europe in favor of a muddled racism. The war made a refugee of him. The French assumed he was a collaborator. The Nazis jailed him when he went to Berlin. He wandered across Europe, he and his wife and cat.

After the war the French first condemned him and then exonerated him. He withdrew to a Parisian slum, continued to practice medicine among the poor, and wrote more books. His death went unnoticed in 1961; he was secretly buried. He was one of the most anguished souls ever to set pen to paper.

Reading him, one soon gets over the impression that he is a moral monster. The French are particularly good at dispensing with hypocrisy in a thoroughly nasty way. Look at Molière's misanthrope, at Diderot, at Genet. The relentless candor of Montaigne and Voltaire can still bite. Céline's refusal to play to our decency, to allow us any sympathy with his misery, or to write a readable prose, is very French. Critics used to praise Céline for his naturalism, meaning, I suppose, his brutal frankness. Naturalism, however, is a mode of fiction. Céline transcribed reality, and may therefore be the last exhausted voice of the Naturalists.

His significance remains to be seen. He was an angry old man talking, talking. It will take a critic more patient than most of us to sift through his ravings and decide if there is anything in it.

JEAN GIRAUDOUX (1882-1944), "an ideal middlebrow's highbrow" as an English critic called him, was one of those French *elegantii* who must have made Céline barf all over his shoes. There are few things more pointless and silly than the modern attempts at drama, and it was here that Giraudoux committed half his sins. The other half he saved for the novel, where he spread the same wit and sentimentality with which he so liberally caramelled his plays.

Lying Woman, written in 1936 and found among Giraudoux's papers only recently, is a fluffy enough tale. It is about a woman of some social standing who tries to please a distinguished lover by lying about her past. He has slept with so many high-class ladies, she argues, that he will find a nobody refreshing. (Giraudoux's idea of a nobody is somebody whose town car is a Daimler rather than a Rolls.) Naturally, the dear thing lies badly to her fawn-skin-gloved gentleman, and then she has to lie to her regular lover (in Girau-

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doux's world every lady has at least two lovers), until both lovers suspect her of trifling with their affections. Both get on their high horses and ride away. Our heroine then marries a nice old baron who breeds racehorses. *Avez-vous vu le chausse-pied?*

Giraudoux is, to be sure, a charming writer. He shines. He spins. He fascinates. But he does it all with cotton candy and tinsel. His characters bear the same resemblance to people as the shills in perfume and cigar advertisements. They are musical-comedy princes, princesses, and beaming peasants. Whoever invented the bedroom—the French, I imagine—spoiled French literature. Adultery is a French game; better still, it is their folk art. It is their madness. Perhaps it is a triumph for Giraudoux to transmute a hackneyed theme into one more piece of fluff. He misses idiocy by the thickness of a coat of paint. Perhaps *that*'s the point, the mastery, the swirl of the cape. How strange are the customs of France. □

The Moral Rules
A New Rational Foundation for Morality
By Bernard Gert
Harper, 239 pp., $6.95

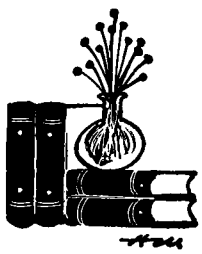
PRESCRIPTION FOR MORAL ORDER

JACOB NEUSNER

Bernard Gert, Dartmouth College professor of philosophy, here gives us—at last—the answer to the relativism and confusion of liberal ethics, which cannot tell you what is right and what is wrong. While "situational ethics" seems to mean, do what you feel like that particular moment, Gert's moral rules demand that you do what is always right and refrain from doing what is always wrong, no matter how you feel. After the liberals' capriciousness and the know-nothingism of the hedonists, academic and otherwise, Gert's cool logic and heated arguments come as a relief.

The fundamental rules of morality, he argues, are these: 1) don't kill; 2) don't cause pain; 3) don't disable; 4) don't deprive of freedom of opportunity; 5) don't deprive of pleasure; 6) don't deceive; 7) keep your promise; 8) don't cheat; 9) obey the law; 10) do your duty.

Hurrah! you must be thinking, for at long last an academic philosopher has given us a prescription for a decent society. But what is new in these rules?



What is new is Gert's mode of argumentation and the claim he makes in behalf of his rules. He argues so as to compel you to reason with him, and, failing to overcome his reason, to agree. And he claims that these rules are not merely useful or convenient but always and everywhere right—an ethical thinker has finally met the relativists on the Left head-on: "I want to provide such a clear and convincing account of morality that no one who reads this book will be able to act immorally without knowing that he is doing so." Here you will find no appeal to emotions, but an uncompromising demand for clear thinking. The key concept is that of reason. But Gert distinguishes what is allowed by reason, and between what reason requires and what reason publicly requires.

The heart of the book is Gert's justification of the moral rules, considered in groups of five. Take "don't kill": All rational men must conclude, "I want all other people to obey the rule 'don't kill' with regard to anyone for whom I am concerned, except when they have a good specific reason for thinking that either that person or myself has . . . a rational desire that the rule not be obeyed with regard to him." Then the others among the first five emerge in the same way, in decent, logical succession. The reason all rational men will take this attitude is that they all want to protect themselves and those they care about from suffering evil. "Realizing that evil can be brought about by the actions of men," rational men "take the specified attitude toward the actions of men." Reason requires such an attitude from all those "who want to avoid the consequences that all rational men want to avoid." It would not be irrational for a man to advocate its being adopted by all rational men: "If one wishes to reach agreement among all rational men, he must advocate that the rule be obeyed with regard to all."

What about not lying? Keeping your promise? Obeying the law? Would all rational men take the same public attitude toward the next five rules? Gert is no fool: white lies are ok: "If one has a good specific reason for thinking that a person does not want the rule obeyed with regard to himself, it is not necessarily immoral to break it." Adultery is a form of cheating, so prohibited. But adultery and stealing are wrong only where there are concepts of marriage and ownership. Why obey the law? "Laws have the result of producing order in society, of allowing greater predictability of the actions of members of the society. Laws enable one to plan his actions with greater assurance." All rational men will take the moral attitude toward the rule, "obey the law": "All that the rational man is publicly advocating by taking the moral attitude toward the rule 'Obey the law' is that unless one is prepared to publicly advocate breaking the law, he should obey it." The crux is public advocacy, "Anyone who violates the rule when he would not publicly advocate such a violation may be punished"—this is the moral attitude.

GERT CONSTRUCTS an untraditional defense of traditional morality—a defense through an attack on many traditional ways of thinking about morality. He appeals not to emotions but to reason. Yet he wants the reader to "take a certain attitude toward morality." So far as attitudes are not formed through reason and intellect, he will accept disappointment. Since Gert claims that he can show "if morality is limited to its proper sphere, then one can expect almost complete agreement among rational men on all questions of morality," he is bound to be proved right or wrong by the reception of his book. So far, the silence of the liberal press and liberal academicians suggests either he is wrong or they are not rational. Thomas Hobbes would not have been surprised—and Hobbes, Gert claims, is the precursor of this brilliant, classic contribution to the discussion of eternal verities. □

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MEN AND BOOKS

E. M. FORSTER'S WORLD

ALEC WAUGH

The death of E. M. Forster sent me back to a book that was published in 1918, *A Novelist on Novels*. It was written by W. L. George, a good friend of mine who died young and is now in large part forgotten but was a person of genuine importance in his day. In one of the chapters, "Who Is the Man?," he wonders which of the younger novelists would be occupying in 1950 the positions currently held by Thomas Hardy, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy and Joseph Conrad. "Who," he asked, "will be presented by university extension lecturers as representative of the English novel during the Georgian decades?"

He named seven possible successors "among whom two or three leaders will be found." E. M. Forster was of course one of them; a page and a quarter is devoted to him. "He has," George wrote, "been forgotten a little in a hurry because he has not, since 1910, felt inclined to publish a novel. He is still one of the young men, while it is not at all certain that he is not 'the' young man . . . if he chooses to return to the field he will establish his claim."

In those days English novelists were encouraged by their publishers to write a novel a year "to keep their name before the public" and "to build up an audience." Arnold Bennett, reviewing *Howards End*, prophesied that if Forster continued to write a novel a year, he would within a very short time be the most fashionable novelist of the day, but he doubted whether Forster's particular qualities could be adapted to so strenuous a production rate. Bennett and George would have been astonished could they have foreseen how it would all turn out. Forster waited until 1924 to publish *A Passage to India*. It was his fifth novel and it proved to be his last. But on the strength of those five novels and a few essays his reputation has grown slowly and steadily.

He was an unassuming man, diffident in manner, though of considerable charm. He never publicized himself. He did not seek fame, but fame came to him. After the Second War he lived in Cambridge in his own college, King's, where he was loved and venerated by the undergraduates. His influence on "the young idea" was very great. Public honors were paid him in profusion; many honorary doctorates, the C.H. (Companion of Honor), finally the O.M. (Order of Merit), the highest honor that can be paid a Briton. His obituary in the *Times* (London) filled three columns. Beyond cavil he was "the" man.

THE OTHER SIX contenders in George's book were, alphabetically, J. D. Beresford, Gilbert Cannan, D. H. Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie, Oliver Onions and Frank Swinnerton. Of these, D. H. Lawrence is unquestionably the most read now, and the cinema is proving how fine a storyteller he was beneath his bombast. He has colored the thinking of three decades. But he died too young to occupy a position of authority. Moreover he was in constant conflict with the Establishment. The police under the instigation of the Home Secretary had their eyes on him. He was not the man who would be asked to reply to the toast of literature at a Royal Literary Fund Banquet.

In the spring of 1914 Henry James contributed to London's *Times Literary Supplement* two long articles on the younger novelists: he especially praised Hugh Walpole, Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Cannan and D. H. Lawrence. He discerned least promise in D. H. Lawrence, whom he described as "hanging in the dusty rear," but it was on Lawrence's brows that the laurels were to be set.

Of the others, Cannan's health broke down in the early Twenties and he lingered on for many years in a mental home. His obituary in the *Times* was headed "Promise unfulfilled." The same heading might have served for Beresford and Onions. In a sense they both stayed the course, but they never got into "the big time." They gave the appearance of being disappointed men. Compton and Frank Swinnerton on the other hand are both still alive and active. In their different ways their careers have been happy and successful.

Mackenzie has led a dramatic, wandering life; he has been and is a public personality and is now issuing his autobiography in a series of octaves, eight years at a time. He seems to have been everywhere and seen everyone. He is a brilliant talker and his reminiscences have the vivacity of his talk. When I was a schoolboy, his autobiographical novel *Sinister Street* was my gospel. So was it Scott Fitzgerald's—it was titled *Youth's Encounter* in the U.S.A.—and in England it is still in brisk circulation. Frank Swinnerton's life has been very different. He has lived quietly in Cranleigh, an hour or so's drive from London. He has produced a steady sequence of sound novels, interspersed with an occasional book of criticism. His *The Georgian Literary Scene* is an important document. The doyen of the London scene—Mackenzie lives in Scotland—he is much respected and much loved.

One name is surprisingly omitted from George's seven—Hugh Walpole's; surprisingly because George devotes more space to him than he does to Cannan, treating him with deep deference. Walpole was highly praised by Henry James, and at that time critics tended to link him with Mackenzie and Cannan in the same way that twenty years later W. H. Auden, Cecil Day Lewis and Stephen Spender were to be because they had left-wing affiliations, although I think I am right in saying that the three were never in the same room together until the PEN Club conference in Venice in 1949. Cannan, Walpole and Mackenzie had the link of being published by the young and enterprising Martin Secker; in consequence they were known as "Secker's young men." I have an idea that Walpole and Mackenzie did not at that time very much like each other. Walpole used to write unfavorable reviews of Mackenzie's novels, which Mackenzie, to show his contumely, quoted at the foot of other critics' laudatory tributes.

WALPOLE HAD a curious career. Financially he was the most successful of them all on both sides of the Atlantic. He was an effective lecturer. In the 1920s it looked as though he were grooming himself for a personal and private pedestal, but in 1930 he was lampooned by Somerset Maugham in *Cakes and Ale*, and though he was knighted no one took him seriously in the 1930s. He died an unhappy man in 1941. But there are signs that a new generation is recognizing that his Rogue Herries' series of novels is a very solid achievement. Anthony Trollope, on whom Walpole partially modeled himself, damaged his sales and reputation

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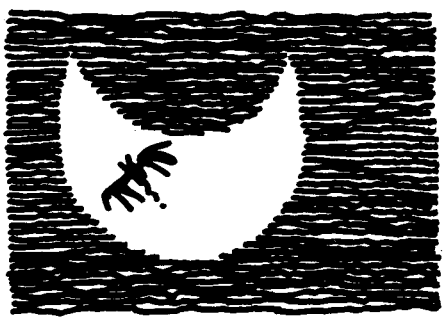
for thirty years by describing his unromantic routine of authorship, finishing one novel at 7:21 A.M. and starting its successor at 7:24 A.M. Perhaps Walpole will follow in his master's footsteps.

Re-reading *A Novelist on Novels*, I do not feel that W. L. George in the Elysian fields needs be constrained to eat very many of his words—particularly as he included James Joyce in his list of writers at the very start of their careers who were well worth watching. But there is one name whose absence from these pages will astonish many. For twenty years after the Second War Somerset Maugham was the unchallenged GOM of English letters, yet there is no mention of him in the book. Actually it would have been surprising if there had been.

MAUGHAM started as a novelist with *Liza of Lambeth*, a realistic story of lower-class London life for which he had got the material as an intern at St. Thomas' Hospital. It was highly praised but his subsequent novels did not attract much attention; he was not even a moderate best-seller, and his success as a dramatist was so dramatically sud-



den—he had four plays running simultaneously in London—that the excellence of a novel like *Mrs. Craddock* was overlooked. For seven years he worked exclusively for the theater, then in 1915 he published *Of Human Bondage*, but that somber masterpiece caused little stir in war-distracted London. He could not, in 1918, have been grouped with the senior novelists, he had not written enough, and he was too old to be included with the young aspirants. There is always an unpredictable dark horse on the rails. It may well be that the major American novelist of the 1970s will prove to be James Dickey. Who could have guessed that two years ago? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A TIMELESS PLACE, *by Ellen Bromfield Geld (Doubleday, 194 pp., $5.95).* The temptation was irresistible. Ellen Geld is herself a farmer (Brazilian coffee) and a novelist (*The Garlic Tree*), so why not draw on the last years of her father's life —when Louis Bromfield had retired to Malabar Farm—as the setting for a novel. *A Timeless Place* is about a farm in the Midwest which Thomas Barr's daughter and her husband—a Jew from Brooklyn with an overwhelming desire to return to the land—have taken over after the father's death and are trying to make a go of. Barr had failed as a farmer because of latent flaws in his character which led, in later life, to arrogance and megalomania, well laced with drink. Years later when it begins to look as if the Fagans will succeed, the land vultures appear on the scene. Will Thomas Barr's farm be seized by the state to be preserved for posterity as it was when he lived there (which will make way for the developers with their hamburger stands, motels, trailer parks), or will the Fagans be given the opportunity to prove that there is still room in America for the one-family successful working farm, which was what Thomas Barr's farming venture was all about? That's the major conflict and, alas, it's not good enough. The book never comes to life. I suspect that Mrs. Geld, who proved in *The Garlic Tree*—her marvelous novel of a year or so ago about life on Brazilian coffee plantations—that she has the novelist's eye and ear, keeps bumping into childhood memories so close that she can neither obliterate them nor reshape them believably, convincingly. *A Timeless Place* promises a bit more to the Ellen Geld fan than it delivers.

P. L. BUCKLEY

THE IMPERIAL ANIMAL, *by Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox (Holt, 308 pp., $6.95).* Big-brained Cro-Magnon man has ruled the earth for forty thousand years. How was he formed—and for what? Some million years ago, his small-brained, jungle-dwelling, apish ancestors gave up vegetarianism and took to roaming the grassy plains; the males hunted, while the females gathered and nurtured. The new, hunting life required greatly increasing technical and social skills, for which the big, modern brain rapidly evolved. A mere ten thousand years ago, however, man suddenly leapt "backward" into agriculture and again, two hundred years ago, into industrialization, causing human population to expand four thousand-fold. To survive in such numbers and concentration, the big brain had to think up complex, bureaucratic ways of organizing human action—which, ever since, have alienated the hunter within each man. Hunting-man still wants, and needs, to do the things he learned in bands of only fifty people, during a million nomadic years: to be free; to own and exchange property (women were the first exchangeables); to compete with his fellows for status and women; to frighten away or kill external enemies; to participate intimately in male adventures, risks, deals, treaties, cabals, contests, initiations and rituals; to contribute to the community and be publicly esteemed for it; to receive a fair and sufficient share; and to intervene benignly in the lives of others. Hunting-man's woman still wants: to mother children; to be protected while mothering; and to hold the community together by face-to-face dealings. Hunting-man's child still wants: to learn from mother how to be a communicating, learning human being; to explore near mother; to learn interesting things without any special teacher; and (if a boy) to merit and survive the arduous initiation into manhood. Today, civilization burdens us with oppressive bureaucracies, while our weapons of necessary defense have become too dangerous to use. We cannot voluntarily go back to being hunters, and so we must try to find a species-compatible way to go on surviving as modern man. A readable, provocative book, and a refreshing antidote to Waldens One and Two.

R. DE MILLE

THE NAVAL ACADEMY ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, *by E. B. Potter (Crowell, 299 pp., maps, illus., $15).* One must always be wary of official histories—they can be as unreliable as the memoirs of politicians, or the family chronicles of over-eager candidates for DAR membership. However, Professor Potter (Naval History, Annapolis) has given us solid, readable history of the U.S. Navy that traverses a lot of historical territory in comparatively few pages. The story of the American Navy is a spectacular one. Though the Potter style is cool, even antiseptic, there is a natural drama to the evolution of the scrubby assortment of wooden tubs built or borrowed during the Revolution to the matchless fleet of World War II days. It is unfortunate that the past few years have been anticlimactic for the Navy, and that Professor Potter's history must end rather lamely with a summary of Korea and Vietnam—but these are circumstances beyond the author's control. This book is ideal for a naval buff in your family or circle of friends. The illustrations and maps, all in black and white, are adequate though not particularly striking. In all, a good, grey history of a colorful subject. It leaks a little, but it keeps afloat.

A. BAKSHIAN

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Arts & Manners

RECORDINGS

BRAD EVANS

Mass Hysteria

I'm just back from Europe where the New *Ordo* of the Mass is as confoundedly ubiquitous as it is just about anywhere else, I suppose. Back just in time to have missed Bernstein's *Mass* and the inauguration of the Kennedy Center. I haven't regretted missing anything so much since the day I couldn't catch George McGovern's Presidential candidacy announcement.

What am I going to say about *Mass*? you ask yourself. What am I to say about *Mass*? I ask myself. Is anyone saying anything about *Mass*? we ask ourselves. I don't think so—embarrassment lies on the face of the land like egg. I haven't been as embarrassed since my wife fell asleep at *Parsifal*. The demons of the absurd have been at work since I left the country—and a lot of people seem to have swallowed the draught, the wares, their tongues and gone slobbering into the streets.

Bernstein hasn't changed. He's still eclectic. He's still trying to beat out Rogers and Hammerstein. His complaint aches on. He's still derivative. *Only*. Only now, instead of snatching from Debussy, Ives, Mahler—whoever is handy—he's reduced to chasing after that questionable charisma which propels Burt Bacharach, Chad Mitchell and Andrew Lloyd Webber into the crowded firmament of triviality.

Since Bernstein cannot—obviously—become a great composer (should I have omitted "great"?), his only salvation lies in aping someone, if not good, then interesting. I think, to give him the benefit of a gaping doubt, that he may have hit upon Ives—whose music he once said has ". . . a fresh, awkward, endearing, primitive style . . . where all the rules get broken; gauche endings, unfinished phrases, wrong voice-leadings, and inexplicable orchestration. . . ."

But he has failed again. *Mass* is utterly predictable, monumentally silly and (to be trenchant for a moment) totally significant.

From beginning to end, *Mass* reads like the transcribed notes from Father Portnoy's encounter group. Bernstein inflicts his own criticisms as he goes on (and he *does*), attempting to preempt the braying of the critics. [Bray] Viz., "You start by sweeping standards down the well-known drain." (This is sung, you see.) "But don't look for content beneath the style." "It's easy to criticize and beat my jive/But hard to deny how neatly I survive/And what could give/More positive/Plain proof that living is easy when you're not alive." This self-abuse is precisely why *Mass is* so totally significant. Bernstein is telling us that he actually died in 1959, that P. T. Barnum has been conducting the New York Philharmonic for thirteen years—and that Musical America never caught on! "And baby, where does that leave you. . . . Nowhere, Nowhere, Nowhere."

The auto-flagellation (will the composer appear after intermission and throw himself, tonsured, into a rosebush?) is contagious. Alan Titus, the "Celebrant," appraises his performance with the apt observation that "there are local vocal yokels, who we know collect a crowd." And a solo "Rock Singer" asserts that "I believe my singing/Do you believe it too?" Well, er . . . no.

Leonard Bernstein "has long been intrigued with the idea of writing a comprehensive religious service; because of his fascination with Roman Catholicism, especially since the memorable papacy of John XXIII." I would guess that he continues to be intrigued. And as far as the late Pope John, I suspect his papacy will be long "memorable" for having inspired tripe like this.

Do you get the idea that *Mass* is not the religious theater it's cracked up to be? It is, in a way. I think that it is probably a fair reflection of Kennedy Catholicism, an adequate representation of mainline enthusiasms in American Catholicism and the best damned advertisement for becoming a Zen-Buddhist I've seen since I lost sight of my navel. (See *NR*, March 3, 1972.)

The quiet preparations for the Eucharist are transformed, in "Devotions before Mass," into something resembling the Devils of Loudun—all constipated.

The "Responsary" (do you notice how everything is in quotes?), "Du bing, du bang, du bong, etc.," is a veritable coup by six solo voices on quadraphonic tape. It is the nearest thing to a sleigh-ride alleluia since the Norman Luboff Choir stopped doing Christmas albums.

The "Prefatory Prayers" begin like *The Pirates of Penzance* and end up

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After several months traveling in Spain and elsewhere in Europe, **Brad Evans** *has returned to the United States to serve on the staff of Rep. Gene Snyder (R., Ky.) and report on the performing arts for* NR. . . . **Ruth Berenson** *never misses a gallery opening.*

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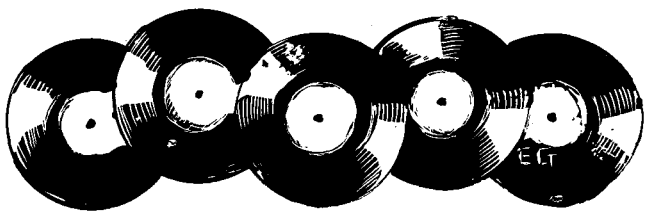
with a march that would have nauseated Sousa and a tone that suggests the café scene in *Bohéme*. The "Thrice-Triple Canon" (sic) culminates in a responsory of perfervid squirrels.

The "Second Introit" remains uneventfully hokey, until the "Epiphany" brings us as close to Grand Opera as *Mass* is likely to get; i.e., it sounds like a frenetic Beelzebub darting among the



speakers playing ghost in the forest of *Der Freischütz*.

The "Confession"—Confiteor—I confess to God I don't know how anybody kept a straight face on opening night. The "Mea Culpa" is the "Jets" from *West Side Story* all over again—this time challenging God the Father to a crap game.

The "Confession" stumbles on in clumsy imitation of *Porgy and Bess* until we reach the "Gloria," during which I'm sure most expected a low-budget Fred Astaire to dance out from the wings (and no doubt he did). Even Averell Harriman—he was certainly there—couldn't have been taken in by this.

There was some welcome musical relief during "Meditation #2." I heard six (but no more) notes from the choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth. This wasn't the only classical allusion. There were several passages that must have been lifted from Dickens—one communicant sounded like she'd been caught in a spinning jenny and paid sweatshop wages to stay there. Other such references—many so obscure they weren't mentioned—included a veiled threat to a *Bar Mitzvah* and what I took to be mention of the Bible (though I could be wrong).

The "Sanctus" is interlarded with a page out of someone's Hebrew lesson and sung by (could it be?) Gordon MacRae.

There is real religious substance here. At one point it gets so sticky that it feels as though Oral Roberts is about to step out and heal the recording engineers. Bernstein theologizes, of course, demonstrating not only that he *knows* about the Church, but is *liberal* about it as well; he boldly argues against the Church's ban on artificial contraception.

Mass moves toward its eagerly anticipated dénouement with just about everybody and the *deus ex machina* shouting for "pacem." This is, as we all understand, an allowable, forgiveable and rather threadbare play to the galleries. Bernstein admits the futility of close to everything (wouldn't you if you saw your "big" theater piece going down the tubes?) and *Mass* dissolves rather unspectacularly into routine chaos—held together by some simpleton who inadvertently kept his head and continued beating his tambourine in time. (No one paid him any mind—as a poor, but better, musician once put it.)

As expected, the climax arrives with the usual outrage (breaking the chalice, this time). Sacrilege is *such* a bore these days. The anticlimax is painful and consists of a soliloquy Gogol would have been ashamed to deliver to a bureaucrat's Nose. With a wheezing but heartfelt *Deo gratias, Mass* is ended.

Religious? "Don't look for sacraments or sacrifice/They're not worth the price." (Of admission.)

You can't get too excited over *Mass*, but it's garbage nevertheless. I understand many radio stations played it on Christmas morning. True, it may be a perfect complement to most of the Midnight Masses served these days, but it's still ominously akin to rebroadcasting the last moments of the Hindenburg as a commemoration of Mother's Day.

I MUST say the vision of a Mass in which street people, weirdos, miscreants, poltroons, serfs, goose-steppers and the Alvin Ailey Dance Company—who just get paid for street jive anyway—combine their talents resembles the choreographed fulfillment of Mencken's opinion of America.

You know what was nice? The Latin. In the midst of all this irredeemable swill, the *Credo* was rendered in the good old Latin of the Tridentine Mass—*and* translated correctly. There weren't any pasted endings to the *Our Father*. The *Agnus Dei* was pronounced *Agnus Dei. Dominus vobiscum* was followed by *Et cum spiritu tuo* and translated as "And with thy spirit" instead of "and also with you, fella." □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Unartists

"Russian Avant-Garde: 1908-1922," an exhibition seen recently at the Leonard Hutton Gallery, offered New Yorkers a rare chance to explore a little-known aspect of twentieth-century art, that of pre-Communist Russia. It was an especially welcome novelty not only because of its high quality, but because it acted as an antidote to the disastrous debacle called "Art and Revolution," at the New York Cultural Center. Initially, great expectations had been held for this last, which was organized by the British Arts Council in cooperation with the Soviet Ministry of Culture; it had been hoped that the Russians would finally permit Westerners, if not their own citizens, to study the works of Russian artists who, in their own time, were world-famous as aesthetic innovators, but who for the last forty years have been, in their homeland, relegated to the unperson category.

But before the show was unveiled in London last spring, the Soviet authorities not only reneged on promised loans but, by threatening to withdraw their participation entirely, blackmailed the Arts Council into making changes in the catalog and agreeing that certain parts of the exhibition be closed off. It was this mutilated version which traveled to New York—and not surprisingly, it gave a false and distorted view of the period. The Hutton show, however, like last season's "Russian Art of the Revolution" at Cornell University, was made up of objects in Western collections. Both demonstrated the pivotal role played by Russian artists as pioneers in the transformation of art during the first decades of the twentieth century. At that time, Moscow and Petrograd must have been as exciting places to be as Berlin, Munich or Paris.

By the 1900s, Russian artists, like their French and German counterparts, had thrown off academic constraints and were practicing the full gamut of painterly styles which prevailed elsewhere. Just as Picasso looked to the angular primitivism of African sculpture to create Cubism, so Russian painters sought inspiration in the primitive—but they found it nearer at hand in the art of their own peasants and the

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glowing icons of the Orthodox Church. The Art Nouveau ballet designs of Bakst and Benois and the early canvases of Kandinsky and Chagall are based on these twin sources; so are those of their equally gifted but less well-known contemporaries, Larianov, Goncharova, Malevich and Lissitsky. By 1908 these youngsters were in the vanguard of the international army of experimenters who, in an incredibly short time, would force art to break with the tradition of representational realism which had preoccupied it since the Renaissance. So diverse were their efforts, so strident their internecine quarrels, that in 1906 one critic was prompted to declare, "Artists of the World, Disunite!"

Yet they found buyers in Munich, Paris and at home, for newly rich industrialists, profiting from the economic spurt which Russia experienced in the years before World War I, were investing in modern art with an enthusiasm hardly matched elsewhere, snapping up examples of each new "ism" as it appeared. This patronage was a powerful stimulant, and perhaps nowhere, not even in Paris, was so much radical artistic activity compressed into such a short time.

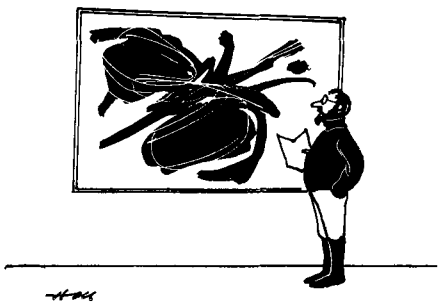
From 1912 to 1920, Futurism, Rayonnism, Suprematism, Constructivism, each loudly trumpeted as the sole authentic recipe for art in the new era, battled it out in exhibitions, manifestos, demonstrations and polemic. One day an artist might adhere to one, the next he might proclaim his apostasy.

Today the names of these movements seem less important than what they produced. Futurism (which, incidentally, was quite unrelated to Italian Futurism) combined Cubist principles with an irreverence for sacred cows: accounts of Larianov, the Burliuk brothers and the poet Mayakovsky parading around the streets of Moscow in 1913, their faces painted with flowers, birds or hieroglyphics, each wearing a wooden spoon as a boutonnière, sound like the Dada antics of postwar Berlin.

CLOSELY allied to the Futurists were the Rayonnists, one of whose founders was Larianov. As their name implies, Rayonnist artists were obsessed with color effects and their deep rich tonalities recall the earlier interest in Russian icons. Even more important for the future was Suprematism, whose chief spokesman, Kasimir Malevich, proclaimed, in a tongue-in-cheek-titled manifesto, "The New Painterly Realism": "Only when the conscious habit disappears of seeing Nature's little nooks, Madonnas and Venuses in pictures will we witness a pure painterly work of art." Malevich was painting pure hard-edge abstractions in 1913; his *Airplane Flying*—orange, red and black rectangles on a white ground—anticipates the Kandinsky of the 1920s. Equally radical were Vladimir Baranoff-Rossiné's free-standing abstract sculpture, *Symphony No. I* (1913); Tatlin's Constructionist abstract reliefs (also 1913); Rodchenko's metal mobile (1916); and Gabo's "kinetic constructions" of 1920, among them a metal column which vibrated electrically. In 1918, Malevich painted his famous *White on White* (a white square superposed on another), hailed by radicals and excoriated by reactionaries as "the death of art." Perhaps so; certainly it, too, pointed to the future.

SEEN FROM a distance of half a century, the cataclysms of World War I and even the Revolution had little immediate effect on Russian art. True, contacts with the West, formerly close, were broken off and many who had been abroad came home. But the dramatic political happenings, welcomed by most avant-garde artists and poets as presaging a new and better era, hardly interrupted the momentum of artistic events—constantly changing exhibitions, new plays with Suprematist or Constructivist sets, the printing of manifestos and posters.

In their zeal to overcome their alleged "isolation from the masses," many artists abandoned painting and sculpture as "elitist," now devoting their talents to theater, cinema, photography and printing; Rodchenko is credited with inventing the technique of photomontage, and many of the pamphlets of the time display typographic innovations which were later popularized by Germany's Bauhaus. Other artists became industrial designers; still others went into architecture under the Constructionist banner. None of the architectural projects was ever realized. The best-known is Tatlin's *Monument to the Third International*, which was to consist of a spiral skeleton within which a glass-walled cube, pyramid and cylinder were to be seen revolving at different speeds. Tatlin explained that the glass walls were to symbolize a new world where nothing need be kept secret; the spiral expressed the unity of "the legislative with the executive, and the executive with the act of information." A thirty-foot replica of this tower was intended to serve as the focal point of last year's British Arts Council's exhibition, but at the last minute the Soviet cultural authorities insisted on its removal, along with the paintings of Malevich and Lissitsky.



In 1921 Anatole Lunacharsky, Commissar for the Peoples' Enlightenment, reorganized artistic and educational institutions in accordance with Lenin's New Economic Policy—the first step in forcing artists to conform to the demands of the state. Many saw the handwriting on the wall; it was then and in the next years that Chagall, Kandinsky, Goncharova, Gabo, Pevsner and others fled westward. We have little information about those who remained behind. Some (including Rodchenko, who became a sports photographer) quietly conformed; others dropped out of sight; a few returned to notice during the Khrushchev thaw. By now, virtually all have died—and apparently the Soviet authorities are grimly determined that their reputations stay buried. This is ironic, for as Hilton Kramer pointed out not long ago: "The day will surely come when . . . with all the modesty characteristic of Soviet propaganda announcements, we will be told that all those art innovations which art historians in the Western democracies make such a fuss about were really Russian innovations. And, for once, there will be a certain truth in the claim." □

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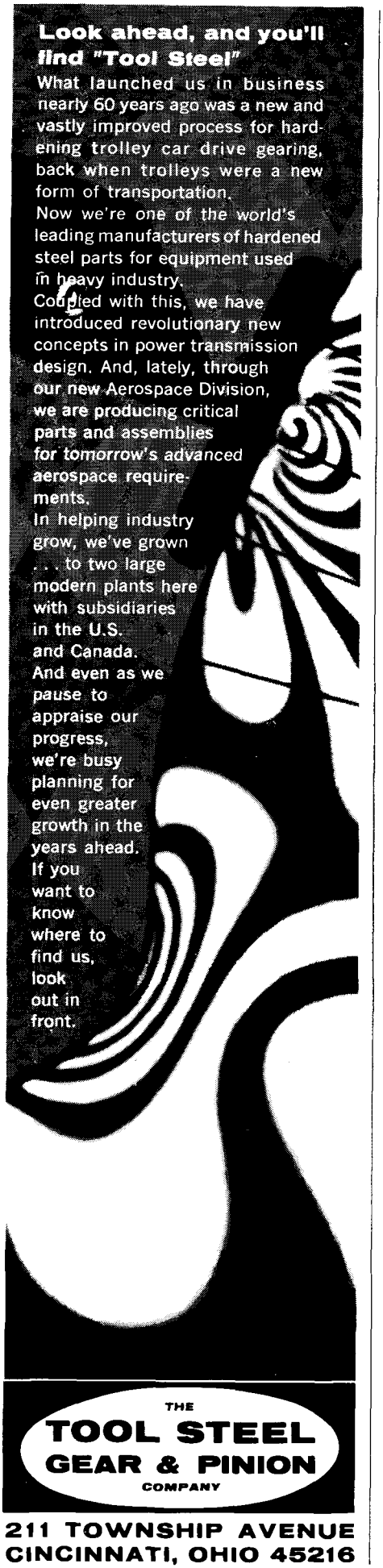
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GELTMAN

(Continued from page 340)

Jerusalem that the Central Military Command of Al Fatah hailed as a "major victory."

But here, as the Jewish year 5731 was fading and the round, orange sun was rapidly being swallowed by the sea, my friend Victor smiled and said: "We will survive, Max. You know why? Because we must survive. Shalom and Shonah Tovah (Peace and Happy New Year)." □

MARTIN

(Continued from page 347)

Yes, yes, nodding vigorously, obviously an outrage; but what about extra-Idabel issues like, well, the awful war, dirty earth, Agnew, adult humbug and you know the litany of Aquarian complaints. She (gasp!) didn't, though to be sure an answer must have extruded somewhere. (Was it Whitehead who wrote how the wisest cultural insights include always the summaries of what doesn't get said?) Later I was to learn that notwithstanding great salutary loathing for Fred Harris and growing impatience for Richard Nixon, few residents ever bother to plug into the outer world. Imagine, an entire people untouched by the *New York Times*, unmoved by Lindsay's latest, undisturbed by CBS Pentagon Poop, ping-pong or President Thieu and innocent even of Consciousness III. It isn't possible. How truly neat not knowing the seasonal chic. Never to crave the latest liberal soufflé from the Eastern ovens. And why should they, I found myself musing along the road that leaves Idabel, already they bake enough. And it is always fresh.

So shall it remain too: for so long as a people, feeling that spontaneous piety for the origins of their being (what Santayana called patriotism), gather together to affirm the harvest of their world. To love the little platoon whose defense they cheerfully undertake in the very teeth of the maelstrom now swirling through the century. A century so drenched in degeneracy that even memories of erstwhile moral health languish along the way. A debility the earliest provenance of which recalls Plato's learned strictures against the Sophists, the moral idiots of his age. Inviting Ortega's observation that if the West expires it will do so not because its values are suspect but rather its custodians are; that is, those whose task it is to uphold the great weight of Western wisdom are choosing instead to renege.

It was only twenty some years ago that Malraux, surveying the postwar collapse, noted ruefully that the West had begun to doubt its own credentials, thus planting that dreaded seed so hideously productive of heresy, radically understood. And auguring that loss of civilizational identity exactly described as hell by J. Courtney Murray, the theologian, and in diminished form, insanity. Nevertheless, while it is true that Modernism, delinquent child of Renaissance humanism and Cartesian rationalism (now aged and spent, possibly mad), did succeed in bewitching the Liberal Mind, causing it to gyrate in queer ways so noisily about the world (which gyrations scrambled otherwise balanced minds into mistaking their stridency for strength, even as stalwarts like Kendall insisted they still hadn't the votes, that they were persuasive only among themselves); still, all the talismans of the hour failed to seduce the generality of Americans who stayed happily at home, whole and unhypnotized.

Idabel, and I intuit countless citadels like her, survive precisely because agreement and reverence do obtain in the maintenance of that common possession, the *ethos* Newman and others spoke of as indispensable to a society's soul. It is a good soul and the metameaning of Idabel is that one needn't go there to find it. It can be found bobbing about ever so salubriously anywhere in America. And in the general spirit of that discovery I think it overdue for the good guys to move forward. □

MAXWELL

(Continued from page 343)

coordinate performance of services at the state-local level. This valuable device should not, however, be overapplied, as it has been in the United States in recent years. A corrective move would be provision of unconditional grants, allocated by a formula favorable to the poorer states. For a very considerable range of state-local services, differences in preferences should be respected, and, within limits, expression of these diverse preferences should not be impeded by differences in fiscal strength. Such differences should be reduced through grants which are distributed without reference to the purposes for which they may be spent. □

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corruption, trafficking profits, involuntary withdrawal or prison sentences). Thus one must recognize that the incidence of abuse is reduced, albeit at extreme cost, by prohibition (although if the trend of the past five years is followed this will soon not be true).

Mr. Rickenbacker's article marvelously strikes at the manipulative views of man central to American liberalism.

Atlantic Beach, Fla. JEFF MONTANYE

Defense of the Old Mass

I must take issue with the Rev. John Lynch over his letter in defense of liturgical reform ["Letters," Jan 21]. His contention that "Aesthetics is not the point. . . . [it] must not be the [only] criterion of what form the liturgy will take" is of course valid. However, he fails to recognize the tremendous significance of ritual itself in the totality of religious experience. Obscure though it may have been to some, the Tridentine Mass for many—perhaps even the majority—evoked a feeling of grandeur, of mystery, communicating that ineffable language of transcendence which is indispensable to a complete spiritual experience. Indeed, the rare, deeply moving dialogues between a man and his God (ecstasies, if you will) can never find adequate expression in human language.

If this sounds like high obfuscation, be assured it is not. Eastern religions have long recognized the importance of the forms of ritual (many of which are wholly unintelligible to the average Westerner—e.g., the dervishes) as a means of spiritual expression leading to and amplifying the religious experience. In the West we have tended, at least in recent times, to minimize the importance of ritual *qua* ritual, and preferred instead to emphasize "substance," seeing in the forms of ritual simply an incidentally pleasing means of coating the kernel of basic doctrine. However, if the forms of ritual are indeed an important factor in holding the allegiance in faith of those members of a religious body who are unenlightened by philosophical insight into religious truth, the adoption of a particular form inharmonious with the "mystical" element in man will result most likely in the division of that group into a small remnant whose faith is based primarily on reason, and a somewhat larger faction adhering to a "scientific" religion of pure dogma (assuming that dogma could survive intact the relativist implications which seem to attend much of the present criticism of ritual).

The important question then must be: Is the new ritual an improvement upon, or at least of comparable efficacy to, the old? Given the recent diminution in the cohesiveness of the Catholic Church I feel that this question is in no case to be dismissed lightly.

The attacks on the present forms which the new liturgy has assumed should not become confused with this separate problem of whether the forms in themselves are important. The failings of the present liturgy are, as Father Lynch implies, remediable. On the other hand the damage done to the Church by the abandonment of a viable liturgy may not be so easily undone. Father Lynch may have emerged from behind the tomb of a dead language only to discover himself inhabiting the corpse of a dead religion.

Los Angeles, Calif. STEPHEN A. WHITLOCK

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WIGGINS

(Continued from page 333)

God? If so, He must have been on vacation during the Attica rebellion. I don't say that to be facetious, I am deadly serious. This rebellion has knocked many of my moral and religious beliefs right out of whack. Maybe I see life as it really is—for the first time.

Many people say some good will come of all this and maybe they are right, but I wonder if you can convince Mrs. Whelan and her two daughters, or Mrs. Quinn, or the parents of Ken Hess that some good will come out of it. What a tragic and horrible way to achieve good. It hardly seems worth such a price as 43 dead. Does it? For what it will accomplish now and in the future, it just was not worth it.

I'd rather go along as things were and have the 43 dead people alive, but I guess L. D., Herbie and those guys thought it was worth it.

Before the Attica rebellion is long past many of the cons and many radical elements on the streets will have twisted and misconstrued the facts to such a degree that they will convince many people that L. D. and others of his ilk were martyrs. Don't ever believe that! They were, at the least, damn fools; and in my opinion many of them were monsters.

In closing I want to say that although I profoundly feel that reforms should be made, and soon, I hope they go deeper than superficial reforms that show to the public but, in reality, are not reforms at all.

Let's make reforms in our probation and parole systems and above all let's do away with extra-legal punishment.

Changing the name of a prison to correctional facility, from guard to correction officer and from warden to superintendent is not penal reform! It is simply a play on words that might fool the gullible public, but sure as hell does not fool one inmate. Not for a minute.

I implore the governor, the Commissioner of Correction and the state legislature to implement meaningful penal, parole and judicial reforms as soon as possible.

I pray that 43 people will not have died in vain.

There is one thought I'd like to leave in the minds of those who read this: "Freedom of action does not mean freedom from the consequences of our actions." □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Israeli Notes

Jerusalem, March 10—I asked Mrs. Golda Meir why she does not call more pointedly to the attention of world Jewry the threat posed by the relative military weakening of the United States and by the post-Vietnam nonchalance with which we are being urged to regard our mutual defense treaties. She replied that although it was unquestionably her own conviction that these trends were threatening, nevertheless it would be unfitting for her to presume to speak to all the Jews of the world concerning political matters. But, I said, you are chief of the government of Israel, and Israel is more than merely a state, is it not? "It is and it isn't," Mrs. Meir explained; vexedly, because she wrestles, every day, with the two Israels.

There is Israel the formal state. She is the head of its government, and as such she must observe the conventional protocols, and one of them is that you do not permit yourself to instruct people in other countries, whatever their ties to your own, on how to analyze the international political situation.

On the other hand, of course, Israel was conceived by its most conspicuous founders as something more than merely another state. More, even, than a homeland for the Jewish people who had been bereft for so many centuries "through a historical catastrophe—the destruction of Jerusalem by the Emperor of Rome," as S. Y. Agnon put it on accepting the Nobel Prize in 1966. The founders, in the words of Amos Elon, sought "a safe haven for Jews, and a new paradise to boot. A kingdom of saints, a new world purged of suffering and sin . . .

"In this," Elon sighs, "they would fail. . . . Modern Israelis are motivated by self-interest and the brutal realities of power. The early pioneers were dreamers: their innocence gave them great strength; courage came from inexperience. Modern Israelis are likely to be weakened by hindsight."

What then is Israel? The question is eternally disputed—what is it that defines a Jew? To which question the accepted answer has come to be: to believe oneself to be one. By the same token, Israel is whatever the individual Israeli believes it to be. Some continue to think of it as the crucible for a truly just and egalitarian society. Others think of it primarily as the most exciting contemporary example of the historical reaches of human willpower. (Murray Kempton muses that for all that we are supposed to have entered the age of superpowers after the Second World War, historians of the future will spend most of their time talking about Israel and North Vietnam.) Still others think of Israel as having lapsed altogether into conventionality.

The founders were mostly socialists, but socialism is not a fighting faith here. I have not heard it put better than by Mr. Shimon Peres, the talented Minister of Transportation and Communications. "By and large, those in the world who placed freedom above equality, have done better by equality than those who placed equality above freedom, have done by freedom."

THIS IS a statist country, but I expect that any country would be, which came into being under such duress as Israel did, and which needs, in order to defend its sovereignty, to continue, into the indefinite future, as a garrison state. But one does not run into the kind of faith in socialism which was matter-of-factly accepted a generation ago. Even the spirit of the kibbutz flickers, and it is hard to attract young people to them. Religious idealism was never dominant, and the civil sway of the church is explicitly resented, even if it is implicitly approved; even as the lapsed Catholic of a dozen years ago would find excuses for not eating meat on Friday.

Whatever happens, Israel is the home of shrines. Secular and political—what is there to compare with Israel's single-mindedness since 1947? And, of course, the religious shrines. The Western Wall, where they come to weep. The pilgrims from every country in the world.

I saw one day two dozen American Negro women, at the subterranean cave in the Church of the Nativity. Their preacher spontaneously delivered a little homily, and led them, then, into song. I remembered Whittaker Chambers' words about the rise of the spiritual among the Negro people, "the most God-obsessed, (and man-despised [people]) since the ancient Hebrews. . . . Grief, like a tuning fork, gave the tone, and the Sorrow Songs were uttered." There, at Bethlehem, holding each others' hands, they sang "Little David, Play on Your Harp," and one senses why the term Judaeo-Christian came to be hyphenated. □

ISRAELI TENSION

Tele Aviv, March 12—It is much easier to talk here about the Mideast problem than it is in New York City. One gentleman, for instance, on whose judgments Israeli security heavily depends, told me most calmly that he does not in the least blame the Egyptians for being hostile to Israel, in the light of the events of the past 25 years. And a best-seller here by Amos Elon—*The Israelis, Founders and Sons*—savors the abundant ironies: that Israel, spawned by nationalism and persecution, should now find itself the instrument of the persecution of a minority which is historically blameless of harming the Jews; and threatened by a bitter nationalism which Israel had a hand in catalyzing.

So? So there is something called "Israeli intransigence." Mrs. Golda Meir rolls the phrase on her tongue, and asks: "Isn't it better to be alive and intransigent, than dead and accommodating?"

There are rumors here that the old warrior is getting ready to make concessions which will affront some of her supporters as a fissure in the great wall of intransigence; but the concessions will most likely be formalistic: better jaw jaw than war war, Churchill is forever quoted as saying, and he was half right. The Six-Day War of 1967 did not settle anything permanently, but the kind of jawing that preceded it was spiritually exhausting, because the hostile Arab world had Israel at bayonet point, threatened by the Egyptians in the Sinai and in the Negev, by the Jordanians in the Jordan valley, and by the Syrians in the northeast, at the Golan Heights.

Now, occupying all these areas, Israel

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can afford to jaw, unafraid of a blitzkrieg's putting an end to a republic in which are congested more human dreams—spiritual, social and political—than in any area of the world of comparable size.

Israel isn't going to risk her survival on *anybody's* say so. "American President after President has made guarantees to Israel," Mrs. Meir will tell you, "and I put a lot of faith in the word of an American President. But I know how the world works. There isn't any American President who is going to give me command of the Sixth Fleet. I was in New York during the invasion of East Pakistan. You call the U.S. ambassador in desperation. He calls the State Department. The State Department calls the White House. The White House calls the UN ambassador. I watched it all on television when I was in New York. Malik making long speeches. The Chinese laughing. Everybody talking. Days go by. Israel could be dead in days. Look at East Pakistan."

THE THING to avoid, if you can, is historical moralizing. Otherwise you will run the danger of sounding like one of those dreary Mensheviks, who palsied every conversation for fifty years by going on about what might have been done to make the Russian revolution go right, and who was at fault.

The point is: Israel is at war with nations which made war on Israel. Now Israel is in operational command of territories which were used to wage war against her. Israel isn't going to give up those territories in response to plausible and exquisitely symmetrical proposals that spring out of the mind of Mr. Jarring, or Mr. Rogers, or even Buckminster Fuller.

They are resourceful polemicists, in these parts, and one of them reminded me that it was 25 years before the U.S. returned Okinawa to Japan, and that on the occasion of doing so, our Secretary of State remarked that the return of captured territory is "very rare," but that the Japan of today is different from the Japan of Pearl Harbor, which is quite true; but of course the Egypt of today, though different from the Egypt of 1967, is not quite that substantially different.

Israel will take her own measure of the developing situation in Egypt, and—in the description of one Israeli official—will look for a "process" to begin, not an "act" to consummate reconciliation. I cannot help but meditate on how much better off we would be if we had used the same yardstick in our dealings with the Soviet Union.

Not all the resolutions in the world will move Israel. Only experience will. Peering over the barbed wire at the Suez Canal, at an Egyptian soldier on the opposite shore, I asked the lieutenant whether they ever waved at each other. No, he said, "But it's better than a year ago, when we cursed at each other." That's progress, in these parts. □

SENATOR GOLDWATER'S REASSURANCE

Rougemont, Switzerland, March 15—My friend Senator Goldwater has issued what is in effect a letter to American conservatives in which he counsels them not to be apprehensive about the Peking Summit, nor to heed the "terrible distortions" of the communiqué made by "newspaper reporters and news commentators." He informed us that not only has he read the communiqué carefully, as he urges conservatives everywhere to do, he has talked personally to President Nixon and to Mr. Kissinger and to Mr. Rogers, and they reassured him, or perhaps at this point we would more accurately say they re-reassured him, that everything is just fine, that nothing has been lost, that we should all be enthusiastic about the Peking Summit. Concerning which, a few comments:

1. It isn't merely conservative commentators, to whom Mr. Goldwater alludes by indirection, who concluded that Mr. Nixon had, in Peking, substantially altered the traditional U.S. position on Taiwan. Consider, for instance, the dispatch by Mr. Joseph Kraft, the distinguished liberal columnist, written from Shanghai and published in the *Washington Post* on February 29th. "The big American loss"—yes, l-o-s-s: and Mr. Kraft read the communiqué very carefully. I know. I was his roommate in Shanghai—"of course, came with respect to Taiwan. The final communiqué . . . makes no mention of the security treaty that binds the United States to support Taiwan against a takeover by force. . . . it was the first time Mr. Nixon himself has climbed down in so explicit a fashion."

Another gentleman who carefully read the communiqué, who is a liberal, who was in China, who is an old China hand, was Mr. Stan Karnow who wrote in the same issue of the *Washington Post*: "The President's major concession to the Communists was a public pledge for the first time by the United States to withdraw all American forces and military installations from Taiwan. . . . Mr. Nixon acknowledged as well that the United States 'does not challenge' Peking's claim that Taiwan is Chinese territory, and that there is only one China. He further reaffirmed that the Taiwan question should be resolved 'by the Chinese themselves,' thereby emphasizing that the United States no longer bears responsibility for the problem. These U.S. positions thus concede to the Chinese government what it has been requesting for years." Messrs. Kraft and Karnow are not hysterical members of the ultra Right.

2. Mr. Goldwater's handling of the troop withdrawal point is utterly mystifying. What he says is after all, "the United States is always anxious to bring back its forces overseas when conditions warrant, and this goes not only for men and installations stationed on Taiwan but for the men and installations located in Indochina, in Korea, in Europe and elsewhere throughout the world."

QUITE SO. But what would Senator Goldwater have said if President Nixon had issued a communiqué promising to disband the United States Army, Navy and Air Force, "when conditions warrant"? What would Senator Goldwater have said—indeed what will he say—if Mr. Nixon were to come back from Moscow and tell us that we will withdraw our military forces from West Europe "as tensions diminish"? Mr. Nixon was either just using that word by saying the obvious—that when there are no bad people, there is no need for policemen—or he was saying something which is tactically and strategically significant. In the very same communiqué that Mr. Goldwater manages to suggest the critics of Mr. Nixon haven't read, the Chinese government states: "Wherever there is oppression, there is resistance. Countries want independence, nations want liberation and the people want revolution—this has become the irresistible trend of history. . . . The Chinese side express[es] its firm support to the peoples of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia in their efforts for the attainment of these goals." It pledges, in other words, firm support for subversion everywhere of free governments.

3. If Senator Goldwater doesn't believe that we have made a major concession, of a hard psychological substance, he is living in his own world. At Yale University on the day Goldwater spoke, China expert Howard Chao stressed the psychological threat to Nationalist China's security: "Communist China [now] believes it can take Formosa without firing a shot," and Professor Westerfield of the Department of Government concluded that "the demise of Chiang's regime . . . has been brought closer."

It is bad enough to lose Taiwan. The prospect of losing Barry Goldwater is insupportable, and terribly, shatteringly sad. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A place where workmen are employed in making goods — 181 90 1 79 109 155 53

B. Giving a daily allowance, as of food — 194 127 154 119 2 95 171 83 176

C. Husbandry — 35 161 179 120 182 4 42

D. One of the names of the common horsetail — 107 5 162 10 80 128 193 43 97

E. A hidden supply — 113 11 149 183 174

F. What the Senate suffers from, especially in a presidential year — 125 165 172 195 187 9 38 57 77 132 / 65

G. What Buckley is fighting for, without help from certain "Liberals" — 75 185 27 31 44 48 29 71 94 103 / 68

H. English oratorio tenor singer (1818-1900) — 150 190 156 115 98 47

I. Human exertion employed for the creation of value — 7 13 87 58 93 96 20 24

J. A brick or stone laid with its length parallel to the face of the wall — 157 100 50 130 173 30 140 136 180

K. This is burdensome, with or without representation — 28 32 170 141 158 84 144 6

L. To elevate — 37 163 16 186 101 131 86 123

M. One who works for another for pay — 45 137 59 52 175 166 102 151

N. The strength of a nation as expressed in terms of the number of males available for military service — 54 178 145 188 60 138 21 159

O. Equipment, or act of equipping, for hostile action — 19 23 46 66 3 17 33 36

P. A quick, energetic person (see our masthead) — 67 12 196 104 139 169

Q. A dignity usually conferred in the daytime — 129 78 25 34 63 70 73 49 99 108

R. Avoidance by artifice, guile, or skill — 81 121 105 134 160 55 61

S. Dwelling, abode, habitation — 85 122 106 146 167 184 152 14

T. A type of meal which strikers might enjoy — 88 39 62 164 153 147 110

U. A pronoun containing four other pronouns — 133 111 82 15 191

V. Perry Mason's secretary (surname) — 18 89 40 64 116 112

W. Unscramble STATE RATE — 22 69 114 91 168 41 124 148 56

X. Chomo-lungma's name in English — 51 142 74 189 92 8 117

Y. Two prayers in the Mass, one for the living and one for the dead — 177 76 126 143 26 135 118 72 192

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 362 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 A	2 B	3 O	4 C	5 D	6 K	7 I	8 X	9 F		10 D	11 E	12 P	13 I	14 S	15 U	16 L	17 O	18 V	
19 O	20 I	21 N		22 W	23 O	24 I	25 Q	26 Y	27 G		28 K	29 G		30 J	31 G	32 K	33 O	34 Q	35 C
	36 O	37 L	38 F	39 T	40 V		41 W	42 C	43 D	44 G	45 M	46 O	47 H		48 G	49 Q		50 J	51 X
52 M	53 A		54 N	55 R	56 W	57 F		58 I	59 M	60 N	61 R		62 T	63 Q	64 V		65 F	66 O	67 P
68 G	69 W	70 Q		71 G	72 Y		73 Q	74 X	75 G	76 Y		77 F	78 Q		79 A	80 D	81 R		82 U
83 B	84 K	85 S	86 L	87 I		88 T	89 V	90 A	91 W	92 X	93 I		94 G	95 B		96 I	97 D	98 H	
99 Q	100J	101L	102M	103G		104P	105R	106S	107D		108Q	109A		110T	111U	112V		113E	114W
115H	116V		117X	118Y		119B	120C	121R	122S	123L	124W		125F		126Y	127B	128D	129Q	130J
131L		132F	133U	134R	135Y	136J	137M		138N	139P		140J	141K	142X	143Y		144K	145N	146S
	147T	148W		149E	150H	151M		152S	153T	154B		155A	156H	157J	158K	159N	160R	161C	162D
163L	164T		165F	166M		167S	168W	169P	170K	171B	172F	173J		174E	175M	176B	177Y	178N	
179C	180J		181A	182C	183E	184S	185G	186L	187F		188N	189X	190H	191U	192Y	193D	194B	195F	196P

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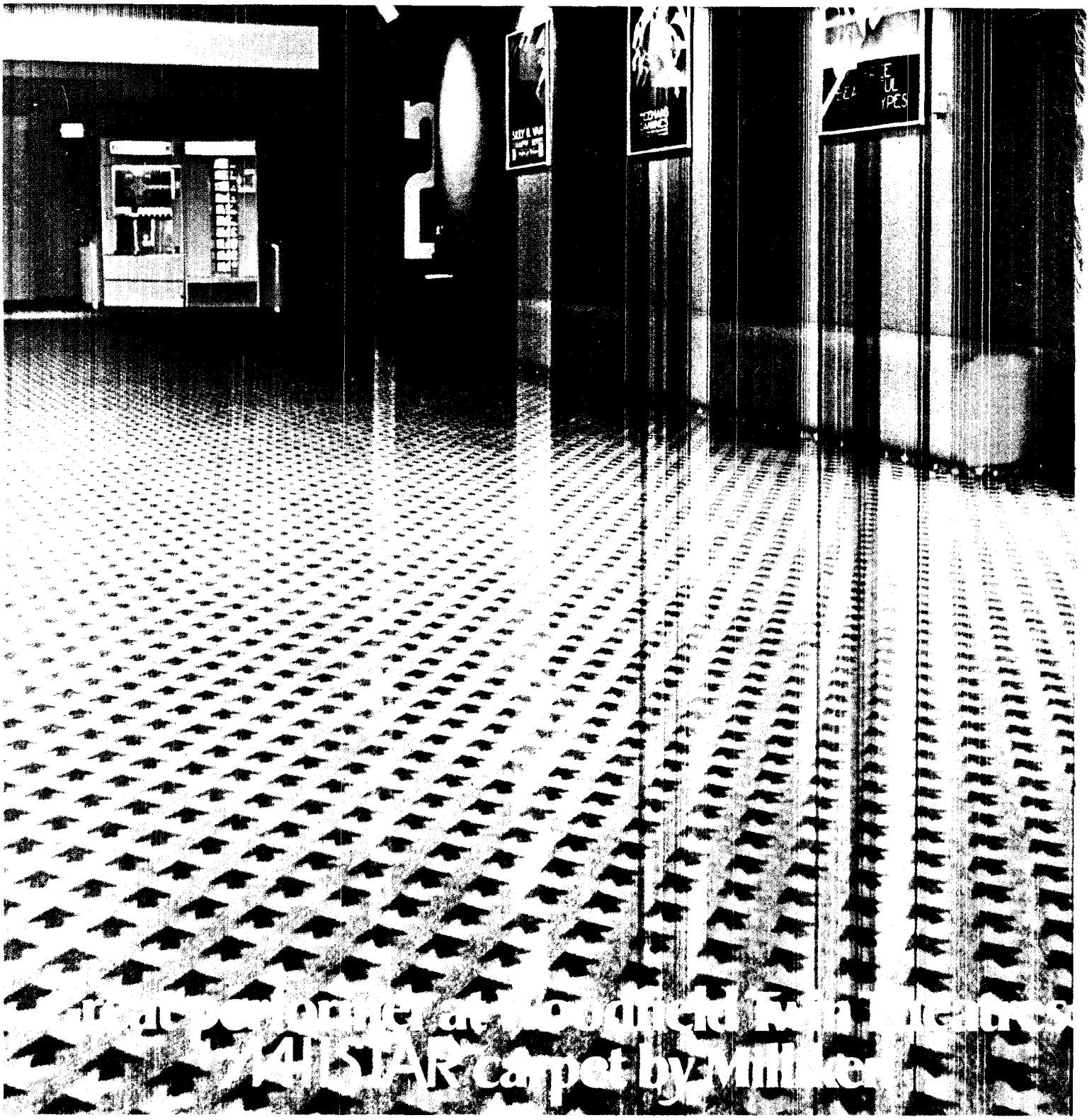

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